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THE

BEAUTIES

OF

FRENCH HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE BEAUTIES OF ENGLISH HISTORY,"
"AMERICAN HISTORY," &c.

Frost, John

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.

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PREFACE.

THE Beauties of History consist, of course, in a display of its most illustrious characters and its most instructive events.

The object of the present volume is to afford, accompanied by historical data, as correct an idea as could be preserved within a space necessarily limited, of the most remarkable circumstances that have taken place, and the most extraordinary men who have flourished in the kingdom of France, from the earliest period of its history to the times in which we live.

And, it is presumed, that, while contributing to their amusement, especial care has been taken to add to the information of the young.

"History is philosophy teaching by example;" and the following pages may supply many an excellent

lesson to those who desire that, while amused, they should also be improved; that Pleasure should be at all times the handmaid of Knowledge, and only welcome when she visits in company with her more valuable associate.

BEAUTIES

OF

FRENCH HISTORY.

ANCIENT GAUL.

Of the earliest boundaries of ancient Gaul, and the condition of its inhabitants, we have no satisfactory accounts. But it is probable that, from the internal struggles in which the latter were perpetually involved, its limits were continually changing; and it is certain that the aborigines were an enterprising and warlike people, frequently emigrating in search of new settlements, which they obtained and defended by their swords; and that they became at length so formidable, as to turn their arms even against Rome, which they took, and destroyed by fire.

In time, however, their military spirit was subdued; their neighbours, on all sides, becoming also numerous and brave, they were confined to what was more properly their own dominion, and discord and hos-

ılities at home now took the place of conquests ıbroad; until, divided against themselves, the conquerors were, in their turn, the conquered, and yielded to victorious Rome. Vanquished by the legions of Julius Cæsar, Gaul sunk into a tributary province of the imperial city.

But when the Roman empire, which had stretched its enormous arms over the three quarters of the globe, fell under the weight of its eagerly gathered burdens, and from being the mistress of the world, became the despised prey of successive hordes of northern barbarians, Gaul—sluggish and paralyzed—afforded an easy conquest to the Visigoths, who subsequently gave way before the braver and more hardy Franks.

The native Gauls are represented as tall and fair; their hair inclining to red; their eyes blue, sharp, and fierce; and their temper irritable and haughty. They are said to have been so grave at an early period of their history, that when a Grecian dancer appeared in the theatre to show his art, they went out, calling it a species of insanity. The women are described as handsome, rather attentive to dress, and remarkably neat and clean in their persons. The heads of their slaves were shaved; and shaven or shorn hair became a mark of servitude and degradation; but freemen combed their long hair backwards from their brow to the neck, and again raising it upwards and forwards, formed it into a tuft at the top of the head.

Men of superior rank shaved their cheeks only, leaving large whiskers or moustaches.

The religion of the Gauls was that of the darkest and grossest idolatry. Their priests, the druids. were considered the only depositaries of knowledge; and they guided and ruled the people with almost absolute power. Their persons were held sacred; they were universally and implicitly obeyed; it was their exclusive privilege to reward or punish, and from their sentence there was no appeal. The arch-druid, their head, was chosen by the priesthood; but the election to this office was not unfrequently decided by arms. The druidesses, of whom there were many, rivalled the priests in influence, and surpassed them in crime. The chief doctrines of druidism were, the immortality and transmigration of souls, and the existence and power of the gods: their principles and tenets were preserved in verses, which their disciples committed to memory. They indulged in human sacrifices to excess, often confining a great number of living men and women in enormous images formed of woven twigs, which they set on fire, and thus consumed the unhappy victims. After the Roman conquest, the power of the druids considerably decreased; their rites and ceremonies were abolished by law, and the deities and worship of Rome introduced into Gaul.

Christianity, however, made its way among them at a very early period, since it is more than probable

that the Gospel was preached in Gaul by some of the apostles themselves; though the first Christian teacher upon record appeared there about the end of the second century. Christianity, from this time, spread with astonishing rapidity; but the change was one of profession merely, not of heart and life; for the priests were so openly profligate, as in the year 314 to call forth a decree from the council of Arles, forbidding the clergy to perform in the theatres, to appear as charioteers in the race, or to bear arms as soldiers. Little could be expected from the people, when their Christian pastors were in such a degraded state as is demonstrated by these facts.

The Franks invaded Gaul from the trackless wilds and deep forests of Germany, allured thither by the prospect of obtaining a more fertile and productive land on easy terms. Under their successive kings, Pharamond, Clodio, Merovee, and Childeric, they had gradually increased in power, until, in the reign of Clovis, the grandson of Merovee, and the son of Childeric, they found themselves strong enough to make a successful attempt on their now passive and prosperous neighbours. At this period of its history, the Romans possessed but nominal jurisdiction in Gaul; Syagrius, the governor of the province, having assumed the style and exercised the prerogatives of an independent sovereign.

CLOVIS,

THE FIRST KING OF FRANCE.

Clovis, to whom belongs the honour of founding the French monarchy, became king of the Franks in 481, when his age was but fifteen. In the year 486, he crossed the Rhine, at the head of an army, estimated by some historians at 3000, and by others at 30,000, fighting men; whose habits were warlike, whose business was war, and whose only property was spoil. A battle took place near Soissons, the residence of the Roman governor, in which he was completely routed. The whole country between the Rhine and the Loire speedily submitted to the conqueror, who relinquished all thought of returning to the woods and marshes of Germany, and bestowed upon his new kingdom the name of *France*. It may be necessary to observe, that several large districts of the country, which are now only French provinces, were then separate realms, and had each their own monarchs; as, Tourraine, Anjou, Brittany, Thoulouse, &c.

Clovis made the best use of his victory, by gaining the goodwill of his future subjects, and endeavouring to conciliate the Christian clergy. An anecdote is related of him, which at once exhibits a striking feature in his character, and shows the course

of policy he deemed it prudent to adopt. Among the plunder he had collected was a sacred vessel of great worth and beauty, which had been taken from the church at Rheims. The bishop, Remigius, expressing great concern at its loss, the king requested it to be included in his share of the booty, which, according to custom, was about to be divided among the army by lots. The soldiers cheerfully consented, but one fellow raised his battle-axe and struck the vessel, telling his leader, that he should have no more than his just proportion. Clovis checked his wrath at the time; but a year afterwards, when his authority had become less precarious, at a review of the troops, he designedly remarked, that the arms of this soldier were in bad order, and taking his battle-axe, threw it on the ground. As the man was stooping to pick it up, the king hit him mortally on the head, saying, "Thus you struck the vessel at Soissons."

At Soissons, Clovis established the seat of his government; and in the year 493 married Clotilda, the niece of Gondebaud, king of Burgundy, by whom both her parents had been treacherously murdered. She was a Christian, and was, consequently, highly acceptable to the great body of the people, by whom the Christian religion was professed. Under her influence, the king gradually imbibed the doctrines in which she believed; and an opportunity was not long wanting to carry this predisposition of the monarch into effect. During a battle fought at Tolbiac, be-

tween the Franks and some of their German neighbours, the former were giving way and in confusion, when the king was heard to exclaim, "O God of Clotilda, if thou wilt grant me this victory, I will have no God but thee!" Immediately his army rallied, and he gained a signal triumph. Clovis kept his vow, and was shortly afterwards, with 3000 of his followers, baptized by the bishop of Rheims with great pomp and ceremony. His conversion, however, was one of form, rather than spirit, the neophite appearing but little acquainted with the nature of Christianity; for soon after his baptism, when the prelate was detailing to him the sufferings of the Saviour at Jerusalem, with characteristic eagerness, he exclaimed, "Oh! why was I not there, with my Franks, to fight for him?"

Clovis was brave in action, and skilful in governing; but he was cruel and treacherous, seldom staying even his own hand, when he considered it expedient to remove an adversary out of the way; and invariably acting upon the principle,

> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can.

There was, nevertheless, a kind of rude justice blended even with his worst acts. Having engaged the son of the king of Cologne to murder his aged and infirm father, he soon after caused the son himself to be put to death; and upon another occasion, when

he had procured the assassination of a dangerous rival, by the promise of a large bribe, he gave the assassins gilded money instead of gold, observing, it was the only recompense murderers deserved.

The bitterness of religious parties, even at this early period, was the cause of much strife and bloodshed. Arianism and Catholicism divided the French people; and Clovis, under pretence of eradicating the former from his own dominions, as well as those of his neighbours, waged a destructive and protracted war; the only effect of which was, making the oppressed cling more firmly to their faith, and giving them more deadly cause of hatred towards their oppressors.

Still, the first king of France enjoyed what is termed a prosperous reign; overcame every difficulty that encompassed him; was invested with the dignity of a patrician robe and diadem by the Emperor of the East (Anastasius, who continued to assume an imaginary right over the regions of the West); and died A. D. 511, in the forty-fifth year of his age and the thirtieth of his reign, leaving his dominions, according to the practice of the time, equally divided among his four sons,

THIERRY, CLODOMIR, CHILDEBERT, AND CLOTAIRE;

The first of whom inherited the kingdom of Metz, or Austrasia; the second that of Orleans; the third that of Paris; and the fourth that of Soissons—the eldest

being twenty-eight, and the youngest twelve years of age. The three younger brothers joined their arms, and made an attack on Sigismond, duke of Burgundy, whose forces were routed, and himself, after a variety of wanderings and much suffering, betrayed to his enemies, who cruelly put him to death, together with his queen and two sons. From this period, the duchy of Burgundy was subject to the power of France, and ceased to be an independent sovereignty. During the war between the Burgundians and the three brothers, one of them, Clodomir, was slain. He had three sons who ought to have inherited his kingdom of Orleans; but, unhappily, a different fate awaited them. They were left under the care of their grandmother, the Queen Clotilda, who honoured them as their father's representatives, and exerted herself to secure for them his dominions. Her affectionate attention to their interests served only to excite the jealousy and ambition of their uncles, Childebert and Clotaire, who had formed the design of seizing, and dividing between themselves, the kingdom of their nephews; only hesitating as to whether they should put them to death, or, by ordering their hair to be cropped, disqualify them, according to an established custom, from ever being eligible to reign. The former course was resolved upon. The kings met at Paris, and immediately sent for the children, under pretence of arranging about their respective realms; the two elder of whom set out on their fatal

journey. On arriving in the presence of their uncles, their attendants were dismissed, and a messenger despatched to the queen-dowager, to whom he presented a naked sword and a pair of scissors, asking her which she preferred, the degradation or death of her grandsons. In the agitation of her mind, and the bitterness of her grief, she answered, "better let them die than live unfit to reign." Her words were faithfully reported to the kings; and the barbarous Clotaire no sooner heard them, than he seized the eldest boy, threw him on the ground, and plunged a dagger in his breast. The younger child screamed fearfully, and flew for protection to the arms of his other uncle, Childebert, who, more merciful, fell at his brother's feet, and with tears besought him to save their nephew's life. "Throw him from you," was the reply, "or perish with him. Did not the proposal come from you, and will you now oppose it?" The cowardly Childebert flung the boy from him, and he was caught by the reeking knife of the brutal Clotaire. The third nephew had his hair shorn, and was placed in a monastery; and the murderers divided between them the kingdom of Orleans.

Although Thierry, the elder brother, did not stain his hands with the blood of his nephews, he sanctioned their murder by sharing in the spoil; and, by an act of the deepest treachery, proved that he was also capable of any crime. He was at war with a chieftain named Munderic, who held possession of a

fortified town of considerable strength; but the dread of famine induced the besieged to surrender, under a solemn pledge from Thierry, that his life, and the lives of his followers, should be preserved. Munderic passed without the walls, and mingled among the soldiers of the king, whose artful emissary addressed them, saying, "Why do you so gaze on Munderic?" This was the signal for his destruction; but Munderic perceived the treachery in time to strike the traitor mortally with his lance, exclaiming, "I die; but you shall die before me." Then rushing upon the soldiers, he slew several; till, at last overcome by numbers, he fell, covered with wounds.

By the deaths of his brothers and their children, or the operation of the Salic law, which prevents the accession of females to the throne, Clotaire became, like his father Clovis, sole king of France. But the poisoned chalice was returned to his own lips. Chramnes, his favourite son, rebelled against him, was defeated, and taken prisoner, with his wife and two daughters. They were shut up in the cottage in which they had taken refuge, and, by the command of his own father, were consumed by fire. The wretched king, shocked at the too prompt obedience of his order, became a prey to the deepest grief; and sought, in vain, relief from the weight of a guilty conscience, by rich presents to the clergy and offerings to the saints He lived merciless and depraved, and died hated and despised; affording an

awful lesson to his successors and to mankind, that sated ambition and unlimited power, when ill-obtained, are the certain paths to that most fearful of all miseries, remorse.

Clotaire, whose death by fever took place in 562, also left four sons,

CARIBERT, GONTRAN, SIGEBERT, AND CHILPERIC;

And among these four monarchs the kingdom of France was divided; that of Paris falling to the eldest by lot. Caribert died after a brief reign. Sigebert married Brunechild, the daughter of the king of the Visigoths; and Chilperic had taken a wife, named Fredegonde, from the lowest class of his subjects—a beautiful, but exceedingly artful and wicked woman. By the advice of his brother he agreed to put her away, and solicited and received the hand of Galswinda, the sister of Brunechild; the unhappy lady was, however, treacherously murdered; and Chilperic took back Fredegonde as his queen, although the charge of having strangled Galswinda was clearly proved against her. This gave rise to a bloody and long-protracted war between the brothers; and the machinations of the infamous Fredegonde procured the murder of Sigebert. She engaged two assassins to commit the deed. "Here," said she (giving them two poisoned arrows) "are the only means of delivering your king and country. If you succeed, no reward can be too great for you; if you die, it will

be in a patriotic and good cause; and the reward shall be given to your families." They accordingly went to Sigebert's camp, demanded an audience on pretence of business, and plunged the arrows in his breast. The villains met with the summary punishment their bloody deed deserved, and were torn to pieces by his guards. She also caused the assassination of one of her husband's sons, after having vainly attempted to place him in a situation where a fatal epidemic was raging. Her husband himself, the dupe of her schemes, was destined to be another victim to her remorseless cruelty. Chilperic having returned from hunting, as he alighted from his horse, was stabbed twice in the breast by some unseen hand, and died unlamented, leaving scarcely a single subject willing to give his corpse decent burial. The prime mover in all these atrocities, Fredegonde, had sought and obtained shelter from Gontran, the surviving brother of her husband. At his death, A. D. 593, the power of this wicked woman was augmented by her influence over her son, who succeeded his uncle. Her own life terminated peaceably, except for those workings of a guilty conscience which no power or greatness can stifle. The fate of her rival in ambition and in crime was more awful. Brunechild, the wife of Sigebert, was arrested and tried for the murder of ten kings, including her own sons! She was first exhibited as a spectacle over all the camp, and exposed to the insults of the soldiers;

then, fastened to the tail of a wild horse, she was dragged and torn to pieces, and, at last, thrown into a fire. The lives of two more utterly cruel and depraved women, perhaps, never sullied the records of a kingdom.

By the death of his father, Chilperic, Clotaire inherited the throne of Soissons; and, on the demise of his uncle, Gontran, he ascended the throne of France.

CLOTAIRE THE SECOND

Was a milder and more peaceable sovereign than either of his predecessors. He sought to improve his kingdom; and bestowed much care and attention in framing wiser laws than those by which France had heretofore been governed. Under his reign, however, the mayors of the palace—a title given to the oldest and most confidential servant of the crown, who took the lead in the administration of civil and military affairs—gradually obtained almost absolute power, and ceased to acknowledge the king's prerogative either to appoint or dismiss them. The ruin of the race of Merovingian monarchs was the result. Clotaire died in 628, leaving two sons,

DAGOBERT AND ARIBERT.

The death of Aribert, which took place about two years after his father, left Dagobert in peaceable and undisputed possession of the crown of France. The

king having no domestic enemies to contend with, turned his attention towards the good government of his kingdom, which, under his comparatively wise and gentle rule, made much progress in the arts that create and distinguish civilized life. At his court, Eloy, who had been a goldsmith, rendered himself famous by his wealth and ingenuity. He formed a chair of solid gold, and a throne of the same metal, and wore a belt set with diamonds when he visited the palace. He afterwards became a minister of state, a bishop, and finally a saint.

The dignity and power of the Merovingian race of kings—so called from Merovee, the grandfather of Clovis, the first king of France—were now at their height; and as the early history of this family is filled with those crimes that characterize the darkest age, so that of its decline and fall is of such a nature as to justify us in dismissing the subject, after a bare enumeration of their respective names. Dagobert died in 644, and was succeeded by his sons,

SIGEBERT THE SECOND AND CLOVIS THE SECOND.

After them the kingdom was divided among the children of the latter; the former having left one son, who was dispossessed of his throne, and confined in a monastery in Ireland. Clotaire the Third, Childeric the Second, Thierry the Third, Clovis the Third, Childebert the Second, Dagobert the Second, Chilperic the Second, Thierry the Fourth, and Childeric the

Third, were the remaining kings of the race of Merovee;—but the history of their several reigns is rather that of the mayors of the palace than of independent monarchs. The epithet of *Rois Fainéans* (sluggards) was universally bestowed upon them; and by this unenviable distinction they are known to posterity. One of the mayors, Pepin, obtained so much influence that he enjoyed every thing belonging to the monarchs of France, except the name; the legitimate kings being only brought forward on state occasions, as puppets in a pageant. Pepin himself was satisfied with the title of *subregulus*, or viceroy, given to him by the pope; but he projected a higher for his family. Charles, surnamed *Martel*, or the Hammer, succeeded to his office, and surpassed him in courage, energy, and power. His name is too prominent and important at this period of French history to be briefly dismissed. Although he had many victories to gain and enemies to subdue before his influence as mayor of the palace was established, yet it is to his wars with the Saracens that he is indebted for the reputation he has obtained, and the rank he holds as one of the most eminent men of his age and country. In the year 721, the Saracens, under the triumphant banner of Mahomet, had extended their conquests from the Indus to the Mediterranean, and over a considerable portion of Africa. Having been invited into Spain by Count Julian to assist him in avenging a family quarrel with Roderic the king, they

subdued that country with ease, and thence passed over the Pyrenees, and threatened to bring France under their yoke. Charles met them near Poitiers: their army, including its followers, consisted of 400,000 persons; his being far inferior in numbers. The combatants lay a week in sight of each other. At last both resolved to fight. The battle commenced with fury, and continued during the greater part of the day. With axe and sabre the French hewed down the enemy; but new fronts were continually opposed to them, until at length victory crowned their persevering efforts. In this action nearly 375,000 of the Saracens, together with their general, are said to have been slain; and, if we may credit the historian, only 1500 of the French. It was from his acts of prowess on this occasion, that Charles derived the surname of *Martel*, his strokes falling numberless and effectual on the heads of his enemies. To the memory of Charles Martel, Christianity owes a large debt for this service. If France had been left to the charge of *les Rois Fainéans*, Mahometanism would undoubtedly have spread over the fairest portions of Europe. He died in October, 741. Every thing in his character and conduct is great; and his reputation is unsullied by a single act of wilful oppression or capricious bloodshed. In establishing his own power he aggrandized the state; giving stability to the government, and glory to the arms of France.

Charles had adopted the same policy as his father:

satisfied with the substance, without the name of royalty, he nevertheless laboured to diminish the distance and surmount the difficulties that lay between his family and the crown. He obtained the consent of the assembled states to the succession of his sons, Carloman to the dukedom of Austrasia, and Pepin to that of Burgundy and Neustria; and for Griffon, he procured a grant of some territory. At this period, Childeric the Third was the nominal king of France; he was the last of the Merovingian race, which, beginning with Clovis, had, to the number of thirty-two kings, filled the throne for two hundred and seventy years. Pepin, in consequence of the unfitness of his brother Griffon to reign, and the voluntary retirement of Carloman to a monastery, found himself in a situation that placed the crown of France within his reach. The general incapacity of Childeric was acknowledged; but Pepin was desirous that the sanction of the pope should diminish the scruples of the people in deposing their legitimate sovereign. A case of conscience was therefore submitted to his holiness; "whether it were expedient that the nominal and real source of power should be divided; and whether he who possessed all kingly power ought not to assume the rank and title of king?" The pope decided in favour of the real governor, in preference to the incapable but legitimate monarch. Childeric and his son, therefore, were shaved, dethroned, and placed in a monastery; and Pepin was solemnly crowned

by the archbishop of Mayence and the pope's legate; the ceremony of coronation being thus, for the first time, substituted for the ancient one of elevating a new monarch upon the bucklers of his soldiery. By this event, the family of Merovee became extinct; and the second race of French monarchs, the Carlovingian, was founded in 751.

THE CARLOVINGIAN RACE.

PEPIN THE SHORT.

THE usurpation of Pepin, sanctioned as it was by the pope and the people of France, compelled him to adopt a course of policy, palatable to the one and salutary to the other. The only wars in which he engaged were foreign ones; and he gained the love and esteem of his subjects to such a degree, that *Il est prudent comme Pepin*, became an adage. He was surnamed the Short, on account of his extremely diminutive stature; but his frame was stout and vigorous. At a public exhibition, while a strong lion held by the throat and almost strangled a furious bull, he proposed that some of the company should step forward and rescue him. The appeal to their courage

was, however, unanswered. The king rose from his seat, leaped into the arena, cut the throat of the lion, and with one stroke of his sword severed the head of the bull. Then, turning to the assembly, he said, "David was a little man, yet he slew Goliath; Alexander was of small size, yet had he greater strength and courage than many of his officers who were taller and handsomer than he." One historian states this circumstance to have taken place before Pepin ascended the throne, and adds, that he addressed the surrounding courtiers, saying, "Am I now worthy to be your king?" It is certain that a better plan could scarcely have been devised for gaining the hearts of a fierce and warlike people; and the contrast between the vigour and spirit of Pepin, and the weakness and incompetency of Childeric, was a forcible appeal to the good opinion of his future subjects.

Pepin died of a fever in 768; and on his tomb at St. Denis is inscribed this brief but striking epitaph: "Pepin, father of Charlemagne." He deserved a better, however; for he governed with prudence and energy, and left an unsullied reputation (if we except the act of usurpation, which cannot be palliated). He had two sons,

CHARLES AND CARLOMAN.

The death of Carloman, three years after his father, left Charles master of the whole French monarchy. His conquests were great and numerous. He sub-

dued Spain; but as he was returning to his own country, laden with spoil, he was attacked at the memorable pass of Rancevaux by a large band of Gascon mountaineers. They saw the fancied security of the French army, coveted the riches they were bearing with them, and embraced the precious opportunity of vengeance and plunder. Concealing themselves in the woods, at the entrance of the narrow defile, they allowed the king and a great part of his force to pass unmolested, and then falling on the baggage, killed the guards, and bore it away to inaccessible places, before the main body of the army was aware of the struggle. In this skirmish Charles lost his nephew, "the brave Roland," of whose prowess and chivalry frequent mention is made in ancient lays and romances.

The constant success and extensive dominions of Charles spread his fame to every quarter of the globe. The Moors and Saracens respected and feared him; the Patriarch of Jerusalem honoured him with many sacred gifts; and the king of Persia, Aaron Raschid, the great monarch and conqueror of the East, knowing how acceptable Jerusalem and some other parts of his empire would be to the acknowledged protector of the Catholic church, presented them to him, as a pledge of his friendship.* No honour or title seemed

* Among the presents sent to him by Aaron Raschid, was a very curious clock, worked by water. The dial was composed of twelve small doors; out of which little balls fell on a brass

too great for a sovereign so powerful and respected At length Pope Leo the Third resolved to confer upon him the highest possible dignity, and gave him the rank and title of Emperor of the West. On Christmas-day, A. D. 800, while Charles was attending high mass at the church of St. Peter, in Rome, the pope approached him, and solemnly placing the imperial crown upon his head, proclaimed, "Long live Charles Augustus! crowned by the hand of God. Life and victory to the great and pacific emperor of the Romans!"—the clergy and the people shouting, "Long live Charles Augustus, emperor of the Romans!"

The brave and energetic king, who obtained and justly merited the title of Charlemagne—Charles the Great—died in January, 814, in the seventy-first year of his age, and the forty-seventh of his glorious and prosperous reign. He was of a robust constitution, rather above the ordinary height, possessing a handsome and manly person, and an open and agreeable countenance. His understanding was clear and vigorous, his judgment decisive, and his resolution firm. His plans were formed with sagacity and prudence, and carried into effect with energy and determination. As a sovereign he was great, as a man good; and upon few of those who either went be-

drum to mark the hours. When it was twelve o'clock, as many horsemen in miniature issued forth, and marching roun closed all the doors.

fore or came after him, could a better epitaph be inscribed. It was his custom to seal all his treaties with the hilt of his sword: "I have sealed it," he would say, "with my sword-hilt, and I will maintain it with the point."

Notwithstanding the multitude of his occupations, he gave much of his time and attention to study, and laboured continually to spread a desire for knowledge throughout his dominions. On one occasion we find him inspecting the school of a learned monk, named Clement, whom he had invited over from Ireland; and observing the youth of the humbler class to have made greater progress than those of the higher orders, he placed the former on the right hand, and thus addressed them: "Continue, my children, to improve; you shall be rewarded; I will raise you to stations of rank and power. But as for you," turning to the idle scholars, "you delicate sons of noble birth, and heirs to property in which you too much confide—you have spent your days in indolence or vain amusement. Know that your birth shall avail you naught unless you speedily redeem the time you have lost."

During the reign of Charlemagne and of several of his predecessors, trials by battle were very common. In the darker ages it was believed that Providence interfered in the cause of justice; and in ordeals by duel, it was always imagined that right, and not might, was sure to be triumphant. The accuser and the

accused, or their champions (deputies) engaged to rest the truth of their assertions on the issue of a single combat; and the truth was invariably decided to be with the conqueror.* By the Capitulary of Dagobert, A. D. 816, ordinary persons were allowed to fight with cudgels; and the convicted individual was ordered to lose his right hand. Another kind of trial was that of lifting, handling, or touching hot iron A bar of iron was heated more or less, according to the extent of the crime alleged against the accused The bar was the property of the clergy, who were paid for its use. The iron was either to be handled or walked upon; and was sometimes in the form of a glove into which the hand was to be thrust. The part applied to it was instantly wrapped up and sealed by the judge and the prosecutor; on the third day the bandages were removed, and the guilt or innocence of the party determined by the fact, whether he had received any injury from the experiment. The trial by boiling water was of a similar character: sometimes a finger-ring was thrown into a pan or

* At this period, nearly every crime was punished by a fine. Among the list of offences for which compensation could be thus made, we find the following:

	solidi.
For killing a girl free born	200
——— a slave	35
——— a freeman	200
——— *by thrusting him into a well* . .	600
For hiring a man to steal or kill . . .	100

kettle, and the accused required to grope for and take it out. The following anecdote will illustrate this extraordinary usage. A dispute having occurred between a Catholic and an Arian, the former observed "To what purport do we argue? let us appeal to fact; get a boiler, put it on the fire, and cast a ring into it; and he who takes it out shall convert the rest of the company." The challenge being accepted by the Arian, the Catholic politely requested him to begin the business, which he as politely declined, alleging that the other had the merit of first proposing the mode of deciding their differences. The Catholic bared his arm, and just as he was about to introduce it into the boiler, a monk, accidentally passing by, offered himself in his stead, which was readily agreed on. The ring was light and small, and the water much agitated in boiling; nevertheless, after an hour's search, the monk found it. The Arian next made a similar attempt; but in a few moments the skin and flesh of his arm were destroyed; and thus the contest ended. This story is, of course, one of the monkish legends invented to deceive the credulous. It is related by Gregory, the historian of Tours, in his book *De gloriâ Martyrum*. The trial by the cross was rather more rational. Two pieces of wood, one marked with the sign of the cross, having been placed underneath the altar, the person fortunate enough to select the marked piece was declared innocent.

The son and successor of Charlemagne, was

LOUIS THE FIRST,

surnamed "le Débonnaire," who had participated in the government of his father during his lifetime; and who, on ascending the throne, imitated Charlemagne's example by dividing his dominions among his sons, and appointing Lothaire, the eldest, his immediate associate. Louis was a weak king; and he had occasion shortly to repent his misplaced confidence; for his sons entered into a conspiracy to wrest the kingdom from him. They succeeded in taking prisoner Judith, his second queen, their stepmother; but agreed to spare her life on condition that she would persuade the emperor to retire with her to a monastery, and relinquish his throne. To these terms she assented; and returned to her husband. She stated to him her solemn engagement to go again to the camp of his sons, with whatever message he might authorize her to carry. Louis gave her for answer to the rebel princes, that she was at liberty to place herself in a convent; but that with reference to himself, he considered it necessary to consult his subjects. The unhappy monarch convoked an assembly at Compiegne, and submitted the proposition to them. His manner of doing so, however, was unworthy of his character as a sovereign, and his station as a man. He declined sitting on the throne, but stood near it in an humiliating posture; confessed his personal defects and in-

capacity to govern; and concluded by asking the advice of the meeting, which was deeply affected at his words and appearance. Almost immediately afterwards, however, Louis delivered himself up to his worthless and ungrateful sons, who kept him a close prisoner. Subsequently, he was accused of various immoralities and high crimes, and condemned by a kind of mock tribunal to a penance, which was to continue for life, and during which he was held incapable of enjoying any title, or of discharging any public duty. To this humiliating penance he was accordingly subjected, and being led to the church of St. Medard, at Soissons, he prostrated himself on a hair cloth, spread upon the ground, confessed his guilt, and admitted the truth of the accusations against him. The Bishop of Rheims, who presided on the occasion, put a garment of sackcloth on his body, and conducted him to a small cell in the monastery where he was to spend the remainder of his degraded existence. Some remnant of spirit was yet left in the weak-minded old man; for, on being told that he must give up his sword, he ungirded it from his loins and threw it violently down at the bottom of the altar. From this affecting but disgraceful scene, the assembled people retired in sullen silence. Louis was, some time after, restored; but his mental peace was gone: he died in 840, in the sixtieth year of his age. His feebleness and superstition unfitted him to guide the helm of a great kingdom; but he was entitled to the

esteem, if not the respect, of his subjects; and filial ingratitude was what he had never deserved: amiable to a fault, he appears to have retained the sense of injuries only until he found an opportunity to pardon. When on his death-bed, his son Louis sent to entreat forgiveness: "Tell him," said the dying man, "that I do forgive him, but that he makes my gray hairs descend with sorrow to the grave."

CHARLES THE SECOND,

surnamed "the Bald," succeeded his father. His brother, Lothaire, however, obtained Italy, and laid claim to the title of emperor. This dispute gave rise to a war between the brothers; it was decided by the fatal battle of Fontenoy, in which so many thousand brave knights of France and Italy were slain. The carnage on both sides has been estimated at 100,000 men; and some authors trace to this circumstance the custom in Champagne, by which, to repair the loss of nobility, children became ennobled by the mother, whatever might be the father's rank.

Charles died in 877, leaving his titles and dominions to his only son, Louis the Second, called "le Bégue," or the Stammerer.

Louis the Third, Carloman, and Charles the Third, surnamed "the Fat," severally succeeded to the crown of France. The Norman invasion forms a striking episode in the otherwise uninteresting reigns of these monarchs. In the year 805, those hardy and

enterprising northern pirates, under the command of Sigefrid, a fierce but skilful soldier, laid siege to the city of Paris, which at this time must have been of considerable extent and importance. Julius Cæsar, about nine centuries before, had described it as a place of some note; and as central and convenient for the holding of assemblies, inasmuch as it afforded accommodation to the multitude usually expected to attend on such occasions. From his account, however, it appears that the houses were chiefly of wood, and confined to that part of it which was then an island, surrounded by almost impassable marshes. Soon after the reign of Clovis, it became the capital of France. When attacked by the Normans it was well defended; having been principally intrusted to a general named Eudes, and the Bishop Goselin, who wore the helmet and bore the axe, in place of the mitre and crosier. The siege was conducted, and the city contested, with obstinate courage on both sides; but the Normans availed themselves of the opportunity to plunder the country in all directions; slaughtering the inhabitants without mercy, and filling the trenches around the town with the bodies of the dead. In a general assault, the enemy scaled the ramparts, but were prevented from entering the city by the intrepidity of one man, who persuaded five comrades—no others being near him—that they were a match for the assailants, and succeeded in forcing them from the walls. To the eternal disgrace of Charles the

Third, although he came at length to the relief of the gallant citizens with an immense army, he was mean and cowardly enough to bribe off the Normans, whom he might easily have destroyed to a man. He died A. D. 888, having been dethroned by his subjects a few months before; and Eudes, or Odo, was unanimously called to the throne of France by the states which had deposed Charles. Eudes is said to have been a descendant of Charles Martel, and had rendered himself exceedingly popular by his brave defence of Paris, just mentioned. The son of the legitimate monarch was, however, in course of time, restored. Charles "the Simple," Raoul, Louis the Fourth, Lothaire the Second, and Louis the Fifth, successively swayed the French sceptre, and by the death of the latter, the race of the Carlovingian kings became extinct, after having governed France for 237 years; when a new dynasty was called to reign over the kingdom.

THE CAPETIAN RACE.

HUGH CAPET.

Hugh Capet ascended the throne of France in 987, in the room of the uncle of Louis the Fifth, who had rendered himself unpopular by becoming a vassal of Germany in Lorraine. He was the son of Hugh the Great, Count of Paris, and great-grandson to Robert the Strong, who is stated to have been a descendant of Charlemagne. He had, however, to fight for his crown, although its possession was of little value, since, in exchanging the title of duke for that of king, he obtained no real advantage, or accession of power; for under the government of his imbecile predecessor, he was, in reality, the ruler of France. After two years of doubtful war, the hopes of the few remnants of the Carlovingian race ceased any longer to influence their feeble partisans, and Capet was firmly established in the dominions he was so well fitted to govern.

Hugh Capet is, indeed, one of the most prominent persons in the history of France, not only on account of his wisdom and valour, but from being the first of a long race of kings, who, for several centuries, sat upon the French throne. If it be possible to find an excuse for usurpation, it exists in his case: for the

greater number of his predecessors were *imbeciles*, unfit to govern. He held the crown, however, by a precarious tenure; and was frequently reminded of the circumstances under which it was obtained. "Who made you a count?" was a question once put by him to one of his vassals. Those that made you a king," was the spirited reply.

He died A. D. 997, leaving the kingdom to his son

ROBERT;

A prince described as handsome in person, and of peculiarly gentle deportment; and though by no means destitute of military skill, a lover of peace.

An anecdote is related of him, that strongly shows the extraordinary power possessed by the Papal See, even at that early period, over France and its kings. Robert was distantly related to his wife Bertha, daughter of Conrad, king of Burgundy; and had stood godfather to her son by a former marriage. He was devotedly attached to her, and the idea of their separation was painful as the pangs of death, when the proud and revengeful Pope Gregory the Fifth issued his mandate for her divorce. The sentence, being disregarded by the king, was followed by one of excommunication—the consequences of which were, that the kingdom was laid under an interdict, the administration of government was suspended; the courts of justice were shut; religious privileges were withheld, and even the dead remained unburied. The

king himself was deserted—two domestic servants only being permitted to attend him. Such, however, was the general sympathy of the people towards their unhappy prince, that no advantage was taken of his condition to promote disorder, or to encourage insurrection.

At length Robert was compelled to put away Bertha, after she had borne him a child: and although the business of the historian goes no further than to relate the circumstance as we have done, yet the writer of fiction may build a noble structure upon this simple fact.

Robert died in 1031, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

HENRY THE FIRST.

Almost immediately after his accession, his mother Constantia, by whom he was hated to a most unaccountable degree, endeavoured to depose him, and place her favourite son Robert on the throne; but her death, in 1032, left him in peaceable possession of the crown. In 1059, Henry, having passed a life of comparative quiet, and free from any extraordinary incidents, finding the weakness of age coming upon him, appointed his son Philip his associate in the kingdom. Philip was therefore consecrated and crowned king. The following ceremonies of the coronation have been preserved; and are interesting as illustrative of the manners of the times.

After the celebration of mass on the day of Pente-

cost, Gervase, the Archbishop of Rheims, who presided, turned towards the young prince, and after stating and expounding to him the Catholic faith, interrogated him, whether he believed, and would defend it: having answered in the affirmative, Philip read and subscribed the coronation oath, as follows:

"I, Philip, by the grace of God, king of the French, promise before God and his saints, that I will preserve to every one of you, and to your churches, your canonical privileges, and will duly maintain law and justice; and that with the help of God I will protect you as far as it shall be in my power, and as it is becoming every king in his own realm to maintain the rights of the church and clergy committed to his protection. In a word, I will take care that the laws shall be duly administered to all the people over whom I am this day placed." Having read this, he returned it into the hands of the Archbishop; after which, that prelate, taking the pastoral staff of St. Remé, enlarged on the right which the archbishops of Rheims had exclusively enjoyed since the days of Clovis, of consecrating and crowning the kings of France; which right was confirmed to them by the deeds of Popes Hermisdas and Victor; then having received the consent of the prince's father, he declared Philip king of France. The pope's legates were next permitted, not as a right but as an expression of regard, to repeat the same declaration, the words of which were now proclaimed by the other archbishops, bishops, abbots,

and clergy; by the nobles according to their rank; and, lastly, by the soldiers and people present, from circle to circle, all exclaiming three times, "We approve; we will; so be it." The ceremony was concluded by the king's subscribing the claim of the Archbishops of Rheims always exclusively to preside on such occasions, and by constituting Gervase his chancellor. Gervase entertained the king and the whole assembly, which was very numerous; but under protest, that his successors should not be afterwards held bound to sustain this burden.

Henry died shortly after this event; and

PHILIP THE FIRST

commenced his reign, A. D. 1060. It is chiefly remarkable on account of foreign events, rather than domestic occurrences; and by the achievements of others, rather than his own. Although his kingdom was materially affected by the Norman conquest of England, and the spirit of the crusades, which began so much to agitate and change the state of Europe, he was neither personally engaged in the one, nor influenced by the other.

An attempt was made in 1076, by Philip the First, to recover Normandy, as a province of France. The effort was unsuccessful, notwithstanding the absence of William of Normandy (the Conqueror), who of necessity sojourned in England. William had committed the care of his duchy to his eldest son Robert;

but the young prince, led astray by the flattery of his courtiers, sought to exchange the shadow for the substance of power, and trusting to the support he expected from the French court, summoned his father to grant him formal possession of his Norman dominions. "It is not my custom to strip myself before I go to bed," was William's reply; the smartness of which—however justly merited—converted the son into a rebel, and a war was the consequence. It continued for some years; and towards the conclusion of it, Robert engaged his father in single combat without knowing against whom he contended, as his visor was down. The youth struck to the earth the more aged warrior; but as he fell, recognizing his voice, he cast himself at his feet and implored forgiveness. Yet the British king was not generous enough to pardon the repentant prince; and left him without any proof of parental forgiveness

On one occasion, when William, who was very corpulent, was confined to his bed by sickness, Philip remarked, "How long will it be till that pregnant man be delivered?" The jest was reported to William, who sent the French king this message: "Tell him," said he, in allusion to the manner of churching women, "that I shall attend the church of Saint Genevieve, at Paris, with ten thousand spears instead of wax candles." He kept his word, in part; set Nantes on fire; and would have reached the gates of

the French capital, but that death overtook him on the way.

The fame of the son and successor of Philip. Louis, surnamed "the Battler," had spread far and wide even at a very early age. But his popularity excited the envious hatred of his stepmother, the Queen Bertrade; and Louis being absent from France on a visit to the English monarch, Henry the First, Bertrade conceived this a favourable opportunity for carrying her plans into execution. She wrote, or caused to be written, a letter to Henry, which she sealed with the seal of Philip, conjuring him, for valuable consideration, to murder his guest. Henry shuddered at the base proposal, indignantly refused to become the tool of a wicked woman, and communicated the contents of the epistle to Louis. The youth immediately left England; threw himself at the feet of his father, and demanded justice—but in vain. The queen subsequently attempted to poison him; and he was only saved by timely and suitable medicine.

The ceremony of investing a knight seems to have attained all its solemnity during the reigns of Philip the First and his predecessor. Recovering from her depression and disorder, France saw the importance of rousing young men to military fame by all means, sensible, romantic, and religious. Sieges, embarkations, victories, festivals, and other such public occasions, were the usual seasons for conferring the ho-

nour of knighthood. In the field it was summarily performed, but in ordinary instances it commenced with watching, fasting, and various austerities; whole nights were spent in prayer, with the assistance of a priest and near relations; religious discourses, suitable to the occasion, were delivered; confession of sins was made; divers washings were employed; white raiment was put on; and the Eucharist was received.

The candidate having finished all the preliminary ceremonies, which lasted several days, was attended to the church by his friends in solemn procession. He advanced to the altar, with a sword slung in a scarf depending from his neck, and presented the weapon to the priest, who consecrated and restored it. Joining his hands, he then turned to those who were to gird on his armour; and holding out his sword, solemnly declared and swore, that his motive and end in entering into the order was to maintain and promote the honour and interests of religion and chivalry.

The assistants, some of whom were ladies, having bound on his armour and suitable ornaments, he knelt before the sovereign, or presiding knight, who, by three strokes with the flat of the naked sword on the neck or shoulders, dubbed him a knight. Sometimes it was done with the palm of the hand on the cheek. In either case the action was accompanied with these words: "In the name of God, of Saint Michael, and

Saint George, I make thee a knight; be worthy, brave, and loyal!" Then his buckler and helmet being also put on, he grasped his spear, and walking forth, leaped without stirrup on his horse, performing several courses and flourishes to show his dexterity, amidst the acclamations of his friends and of the multitude, who usually attended to witness the pageant.

In the year 1108, Philip died, and

LOUIS THE SIXTH

Succeeded to the crown. He had early to contend with and subdue several powerful and daring conspirators, who sought to exclude him from the government. The most distinguished among them, once said to his countess, as he buckled on his armour, "I now put it on with the hands of a count, but will take it off with those of a king." That very day, however, the knight was slain. It was during the reign of this monarch and of his predecessor, that the far-famed Crusades became the all-engrossing subject of attention throughout Europe. The frequent, and sometimes exaggerated accounts, of cruelties practised on devout pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and the reports of the insults that were offered to the most holy mysteries and monuments of Christianity, filled all Christendom with zealous indignation. The increasing flame was effectually fanned by the breath of Peter the Hermit—to whom undoubtedly belongs the merit, or, to speak

more correctly, the demerit, of originating the Crusades to the Holy Land. Peter was a native of Amiens, in France; a man of diminutive stature, and mean appearance, but of an ingenious mind, and possessing a rude yet powerful and effective eloquence. Princes, clergy, nobles, and people eagerly listened, were persuaded, and became ready to sacrifice home, fortune, and country, and embark upon the important, and, as it was deemed, sacred enterprise of wresting Palestine from the Infidel. The pope, Urban the Second, assembled a great council at Placentia, A. D. 1095—which was attended by 4000 clergy, and 30,000 laymen, from France, Germany, and Italy—and the crusade was resolved upon. To engage in the holy war, monks quitted their cells, husbands forsook their wives, fathers deserted their children; no tie was considered too close to be broken; and princes, dukes, barons, bishops, abbots, merchants, tradesmen, mechanics, labourers, women and children, flocked round the banner his holiness had unfurled; until the number enrolled in the list of warriors is said to have amounted to six millions. It seemed as if all Europe was ready to precipitate itself upon Asia. The principal French leader, next to Peter the Hermit, was Walter Senseavir, known as Walter the Pennyless, a poor, but noble and experienced soldier.

By disease, desertion, and losses in the various battles fought on the way, the Christian army was

reduced to about 20,000 effective men when they encamped before Jerusalem. After a siege of five weeks they succeeded in taking the city; when they gave no quarter to the enemy, but coolly butchered every man, woman, and child, within its walls; then, assuming the habit and manner of pilgrims, they marched in solemn procession to the Holy Sepulchre, with blood-stained hands embraced it, offered up thanksgivings amid the groans of tens of thousands dying, and, believing they were doing God service, prayed for strength to commit farther massacre!

It is but justice, however, to state, that ridiculous and cruel as were the crusades to the Holy Land, they did more towards promoting literature than merely rouse the mind: they took off the pressure of ecclesiastical despotism, not only by the indulgence and liberty granted generally on such occasions by the church, but by the departure of many spiritual tyrants, whose absence gave a relaxation of spirit before unknown; they produced frequent intercourse among men during the preparations which were made for the expedition; they led to important inquiries into the nature and state of the countries through which they were to march, as well as of those in which they were to engage in warfare; they were the occasion of general and sustained correspondence betwixt Europe and Asia; and they gave a turn for observation and comparison. These excite-

ments and communications led to more extensive discussions and investigations: journals, memoirs, particular and general histories, &c., were written; and geography, especially, was cultivated. The clergy of the Eastern and Western churches, who had only heard of each other by means of controversies, and through the medium of prejudice, now embraced, conversed together, and imparted their knowledge, their manuscripts, and other modes of learning and improvement.

Louis patronized and protected the son of Robert, brother of Henry the First, king of England, by whom Robert himself was detained in prison. He, therefore, proclaimed William duke of Normandy, and sought to maintain him in his duchy by force of arms. The French king was, however, unsuccessful; he was beaten by the English at Brenneville, in 1119, and the Normans renewed their oaths of fealty to Henry and his son. But Henry at this time suffered a domestic calamity that more than counterbalanced his prosperity in the north of Europe. His only son, William, had embarked at Barfleur, after receiving the homage of the Norman barons; but, in consequence of the captain of the vessel and his crew being intoxicated, the ship struck on a rock, and immediately foundered. William was put into the long-boat, and had got clear of the vessel; when, hearing the shrieks of his natural sister, he ordered the seamen to put back and save her. But the numbers that

crowded in, sunk the boat, and the humane prince perished. A butcher of Rouen, a remarkably strong man, was the only person who escaped. He climbed to the top of the mast, and clung to it, until he was rescued by some fishermen. It is said that the captain, Fitzstephen, had also the same means of preservation in his power; but when informed by the butcher that the prince was drowned, he let go his hold, and fell into the sea.

Louis VI. died in 1137, and was succeeded by his son,

LOUIS THE SEVENTH,

Who, after having reduced his rebellious vassal, the count of Champagne, to obedience, exceeded even the usual cruelty of conquerors; and, instead of sheathing his sword when the inhabitants of Vetri submitted, set fire to a church in which thirteen hundred of them had taken refuge, and burnt them alive. In a fit of remorse for this merciless act, he resolved to undertake a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and became the first sovereign prince who engaged to fight under the banner of the Cross.

The reign of this monarch is distinguished in poetry and romance by the loves of Abelard and Eloise. Abelard was vain of his personal attractions and intellectual attainments, and imagined himself wholly irresistible by the fair sex. Eloise, his pupil, was young, beautiful, learned, and highly accomplished.

Abelard grossly abused the trust reposed in him, and married her privately. The wrath of her uncle, a canon, and her relatives, compelled the one to take refuge in a cloister, and the other to become a nun and seclude herself in the abbey of Argenteuil. Abelard, some years after, built a monastery, which he called Paraclete, or the Comforter, and of which he appointed her abbess, where she ended her days. The letters that passed between them after their separation, are exquisite specimens of composition. Pope's poem on the subject is composed chiefly of passages taken from them, and versified.

Towards the end of his days, Louis came over to England, for the purpose of visiting the tomb of Thomas à Becket--famed, in that superstitious age, for its miraculous cures. He died in 1180, and left the kingdom of France to his son,

PHILIP THE SECOND.

The reign of this monarch was rendered notorious by a general persecution of the Jews, who had settled in considerable numbers in France. Their success and industry were envied by those who would not imitate their diligence and care. They had become so wealthy, as almost to engross the whole commerce of Paris, and the principal cities of the provinces. The king entered into the spirit of the church and of the people; passed against them several severe laws; and, at length, banished them out

of the kingdom. One of the most prominent charges against them, was, that they had crowned a Christian with thorns, in derision, and afterwards scourged and crucified him. Upon this charge fourscore were apprehended and burnt.

Philip fought in Palestine, beside his illustrious rival and great competitor in the race of glory, Richard the first of England; but envy prompted the French monarch to adopt the basest means of calumniating the more frank and unsuspicious sovereign of "the lion's heart." There was in Asia a petty prince, called "the old Man of the Mountain," who had acquired such an ascendancy over his fanatical subjects, that they implicitly obeyed his commands, esteemed assassination meritorious when sanctioned by his orders, courted danger and death in his service, and believed that the highest joys of paradise would be the infallible reward of their devoted obedience. Against the attempts of his subtle ruffians, no precaution or power was a sufficient guard. This prince of the Assassins (for Assassins was the name given to his people; whence the word has passed into most European languages) procured the murder of Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat, openly, at midday, in the streets of Sidon; and, although the deed was avowed by its author, and confirmed by the confession of the murderers, Philip endeavoured to fix the crime upon the English king, and made this shallow artifice the pretext for attacking his possessions in France, in de-

fence of which, Richard carried on a bloody and successful war against him; but on the accession of John to the British throne, they were wrested from the feeble hands of that weak and treacherous monarch.

Philip had encouraged and supported the rebellion of John against his brother, while the king was a prisoner in Germany; but when ransomed by his subjects from his imprisonment, the French king wrote to his confederate, John, these words: "Take care of yourself; the devil is broken loose." During the war, John deserted Philip, threw himself at his brother's feet, and entreated pardon. "I forgive him," said Richard, "and hope I shall as easily forget his injuries as he will my pardon." A remarkable incident of the war, was the taking prisoner, in battle, of the Bishop of Beauvais. Richard threw him into prison; and, when the pope demanded his liberty, on the ground of his being a son of the church, he sent to his Holiness the coat of mail which the prelate had worn, and which was besmeared with blood; replying to the mandate in the words used by Jacob's sons to the patriarch: "This have we found, but know not whether it be thy son's coat or no."

After the death of Richard, the French king resolved to obtain possession of Chateau Gaillard, the key to the British dominions in Normandy; and succeeded in taking the fortress and town by two extraordinary stratagems. Gaubert, a native of Mantes, an excellent swimmer and diver, undertook to carry

fire in pots attached to his naked body, and kindle the palisades by which the town was defended. The plan was successful, and the garrison surrendered. The Chateau Gaillard was gained in a manner equally daring. A French sergeant, named Peter Bogis Camus, or Red-nose, descried a small window in the wall, which was intended to give light and air to a magazine. He proposed to enter the apartment by this aperture, assisted by such as were willing to follow him. He accomplished his object, opened the gates to the army; and Philip took quiet possession of the place, which left the English territory in France an easy conquest.

Philip next engaged in war with Otho, Emperor of Germany. In the first battle fought between the rival monarchs, a German knight, named Eustache, of Magueline, rode forward before his troops, exclaiming "Death to the French!" thinking to inspire his soldiers with a degree of enthusiasm that would be fatal to his enemies. He was immediately surrounded; but, in consequence of the peculiar strength and closeness of his armour, it was found impossible to inflict a wound. At length one of them, seizing the helmet of Eustache between his arm and breast, pulled it away while another, with a short knife cut off his head.—Philip, every where victorious, died in the 58th year of his age, A. D. 1223.*

* During this reign a curious case of restoration to health by means of relics of the Saints is recorded. "On the 20th July,

LOUIS THE EIGHTH,

Who succeeded his father, had been previously proclaimed King of England, grounding his claim to the crown of that country of the right of his wife, Blanche, granddaughter of Henry the Second. But, in consequence of the death of John, which happened at a critical moment, the English barons, by whom the French prince had been invited over, transferred their allegiance to the amiable Henry the Third, the eldest son of the wicked and vacillating John.

During the reign of this king, and of his predecessor, the rage for tilts and tournaments became excessive. So fond were the French of these spectacles,

A. D. 1191," says Rigord, "Louis, son of Philip, was taken ill of a disease, called a dysentery; they despaired of his recovery; but after due deliberation a solemn fast and procession were resolved on. The whole fraternity of St. Denis marched barefoot to the church of St. Lazarus, carrying one of the nails of the crucifixion, the sacred crown of thorns, and an arm of old Simeon; there, having offered the most fervent supplications, they were met by the inmates of all the convents of Paris, the scholars of the Academy, and citizens, likewise barefoot, carrying relics, groaning audibly, and weeping bitterly; thence they proceeded to the palace in which the young prince lay; where a sermon was preached to the multitude. The nail, the crown of thorns, and arm of Simeon, were solemnly applied by touch, and passed along and across the belly of the patient; he kissed them and received the benediction: all this not only cured him, but changed the state of the atmosphere and of the season, which till then had been very wet and unfavourable."

that they preferred them to every other amusement, indulging in them notwithstanding their ecclesiastical prohibition, and by particular civil laws authorizing and regulating them as matters of the utmost importance.

The time and place of their exhibition were extensively and solemnly proclaimed by heralds; and every man who had any ambition to be distinguished for nobility, martial prowess, honour, and gallantry, attended and pressed into the lists of combatants. Veterans were anxious to display at home the feats of strength, expertness, and skill, which had distinguished them abroad; while the young were desirous to try their martial talents to emulate men of renown, and to learn, on occasions so public and critical, the most dexterous management and use of arms. It was a fatiguing, laborious, and often dangerous exercise; yet, being countenanced by ladies in great numbers, and of the highest rank, it was animated by their presence, and mollified by the respect shown for their feelings and judgment. They did not attend merely as spectators, but bore a considerable share in the ceremonies, and were constituted the judges of the combat; by their decision the victors being declared and crowned.

The reign of Louis the Seventh is chiefly remarkable for his unjust and cruel domestic crusades against the Albigenses, whose lands had been bestowed upon him by the pope. This brave and per-

secuted people, miscalled heretics, had even at this early period abjured many of the grosser errors of the church of Rome; but after several hard struggles, and enduring the most dreadful persecution, they were forced to submit, and yield to the terms dictated by a bigoted and merciless conqueror. Many thousands were torn from their valleys and driven into exile; and scaffolds were erected and fires kindled in all the neighbouring cities, on which those who had most fortitude perished. The faith and constancy of these martyrs, however, rose superior to their trials. "Favour me," said Catalan Girard, one of them, as he sat on the funeral pile, "by giving me those two flint-stones." They were handed to him. "Sooner," said he, "shall I eat these stones, than you shall be able to destroy by persecution the religion for which I die." *

Louis died in 1226, and left the crown to his eldest son,

* As an instance of the absurd nature of some of the Romish festivals in this reign, it is mentioned, that at Beauvais one was celebrated on the 11th of January, in commemoration of Joseph's flight, with Jesus and his mother, into Egypt. A handsome young woman, with a good-looking child, having been set on an ass, was followed by the bishop and clergy from the cathedral church of St. Stephen; where mass being performed, the priest concluded it, not in the usual words of the mass service, "ite missa est," but with an imitation of the braying of an ass, "hin-hau," three times repeated.

LOUIS THE NINTH,

Named St. Louis, who was but twelve years of age when he ascended the throne. He united to the mean and abject superstition of a monk, all the courage and magnanimity of a hero, the justice and integrity of a patriot, and the mildness and humanity of a philosopher. In the wars between him and Henry the Third of England, the French king was generally victorious. On one occasion their armies met near Taillebourg, on the river Charente. The English troops consisted of 20,000 infantry, 1600 knights, with their attendants, and 600 cross-bow men; the French force being superior, especially in cavalry. The contest was severe, and the latter were losing ground, when Louis leaped from his horse, called on his men to follow, and, pressing forward, the rout of the English was complete. Henry was overtaken and almost surrounded, when his brother Richard, putting off his helmet and cuirass, advanced with a small cane in his hand and demanded a parley. Louis, who esteemed him highly, consented to a truce: "Go tell your brother," said he, "that at your desire I grant him a suspension of arms till tomorrow, that he may have time to deliberate on his situation." Henry, however, had fled, and was followed to Saintes; so keen, indeed, was the pursuit, that some French soldiers entered the gates with him, and were taken prisoners. After this victory, Louis

ordained that such of his vassals as held English titles and estates, should choose which king they preferred; alleging, in the words of the Scripture, that "no man can serve two masters;" and decreeing that they must thenceforward hold wholly to the one or the other.

In the year 1248, Louis, following the example of some of his predecessors, resolved on a crusade to Palestine. Soon after embarking at Cyprus, the fleet arrived in sight of Damietta, on the eastern branch of the Nile, then considered the strongest and wealthiest city of Egypt. The scene is eloquently described by an eye-witness, the historian Joinville. The sultan commanded in person, his armour of gold reflecting the sun's rays with exceeding splendour; and the Turkish music was heard distinctly as it floated over the waters. Notwithstanding the advice of some of his nobles, the king resolved to land at daybreak, in the face of the sultan and the numerous host he had assembled to oppose the invaders. Flat-bottomed boats were provided for carrying the troops from the ships; and, on a signal given, all moved towards the shore, preceded by a shallop bearing the sacred oriflamme.* The king's barge was among the first that

* The oriflamme, or national standard of France, was originally a lance or long spear of gilded copper, with a flag of red silk attached to it. During peace it was lodged in the church of St. Dennis, whence, on the march of the army on great occasions, it was taken by the king with much religious solemnity.

grounded; he instantly leaped, neck high, into the water, and was followed by his principal knights, amid a shower of missile weapons from the enemy. They had scarcely secured a footing, when they presented an impenetrable mass of spears; the Egyptians fled, and Damietta was taken. Pursuing their victories, however, with more rashness than caution, Louis and his army were forced to surrender at discretion, and were of course treated with great cruelty; many thousands of the French being massacred in cold blood.

The sultan having agreed to ransom the monarch and his people for 500,000 livres, besides the surrender of Damietta, the terms were accepted by Louis, and confirmed by the oaths of both parties. The sultan subsequently observed that the king of France was *Frank* indeed, and had not higgled for a smaller sum; adding, "Go tell him that I hereby remit him 100,000 livres of my demand, as a reward for his liberality."

Louis the Ninth died A. D. 1270, and was succeeded by

PHILIP THE THIRD, SURNAMED THE HARDY,

Who, soon after he ascended the throne, had to encounter domestic troubles. Having married a second wife, Mary, sister to the duke of Brabant, she acquired considerable influence over him, and was consequently disliked by his former favourites. One of

them, La Brosse, the king's chief barber and surgeon (two professions then generally united), sought to effect her destruction by insinuating that she had poisoned a daughter of Philip by his first wife. The unhappy and calumniated lady narrowly escaped being burnt to death. Her brother undertook her defence by duel, but the slanderer absconded. Yet such were the rumours over the kingdom, and such the king's perplexity, that he employed two prelates to consult a famous Pythoness, or witch, of those times. The report of the oracle was favourable to the queen; and the barber was shortly afterwards taken and hanged.

Philip the Third died in 1285, and the throne was inherited by his son,

PHILIP THE FOURTH (THE FAIR).

About four years after he began his reign, a war broke out between England and France, originating, it is said, in a scuffle between two sailors. A Norman and an English ship sending their boats at the same time for fresh water to a spring near Bayonne, the men quarrelled about precedency, and in a struggle, one of the former nation was slain. The Normans complained to the French king, and demanded redress. In reply, they were told to take it themselves. The hint was sufficient. They seized the first British ship they met, and hung several of the crew, with some dogs, at the yard-arm. The English

retaliated severely; and the ocean became the daily scene of violence and barbarity. At length a fleet of 200 Norman vessels were encountered by sixty British ships of war, which took or sunk the greater number of them; and as no quarter was given on either side, 15,000 Frenchmen perished. The war, however, for a time deprived the English of the province of Guienne.

Philip died in 1314: his son, LOUIS THE TENTH, called Hutin, or the Quarrelsome, succeeded; and by his death, without issue male, in 1316, the crown was inherited by his brother,

PHILIP THE FIFTH, OR (THE TALL).

His reign is chiefly remarkable for the severe edicts that were issued against the Jews of the French dominions. Laws were passed which declared it criminal to favour or protect them; and they were taken and hanged in companies wherever they could be found. Forty of them being imprisoned at Vitri, and having little hope of escape or liberation, resolved to perish by each other's hands, rather than continue in the power of their common enemies, the Christians. They prevailed on the oldest, with the assistance of the youngest, to be their executioners. These two finally contended which should die first, and the young man was with much difficulty persuaded to be the survivor: he then collected their treasure, and, having made a cord, let himself down from the win-

dow; it was too short; he allowed himself to drop, and in the fall his leg was broken: he was taken, and hanged.

Philip the Fifth died A. D. 1322, and was succeeded by his brother,

CHARLES THE FOURTH (THE HANDSOME),

Who, dying in 1328, without male issue, the direct line from Hugh Capet failed, and the throne descended to a member of the race of Valois.

THE RACE OF VALOIS.

PHILIP THE SIXTH.

PHILIP was cousin-german to Charles the Fourth, being the son of Charles de Valois, brother to Philip the Fair. The English king, Edward the Third, as he was descended in a more direct line from this latter monarch, although by a female branch, laid claim to the crown of France. His claim was, however, rejected by the French Court of Peers, and the coronation of Philip almost immediately followed. The French king, with a view to put an end at once to the hopes of the English monarch, summoned him to do hom-

age as his vassal for the province of Guienne. The indignant Edward refused an interview to the ambassadors, but sent them a sarcastic message,—that it was too much to expect the son of a king to pay homage to the son of a count. Edward, however, upon reflection, was induced to submit; but the passion that was suppressed, soon afterwards broke forth with double violence; and in the year 1340, having first gained a decisive victory at sea, he landed in France at the head of a large army; but, from a variety of causes, the war was postponed until 1346, a period rendered famous in the annals of Great Britain by the battle of Crecy.

Between the years 1340 and 1346, however, the English army and their allies had successively gained and lost many towns and fortresses. Hennebone—one of the strongest in Brittany, was remarkable for the brave and prolonged defence of its garrison, headed by a woman, against the army of Philip's nephew, Charles. Jane, Countess of Montfort, after having seen her husband taken prisoner, had, with her infant son, fixed her residence at Hennebone, and there awaited the interference of Edward, in her behalf.

Clad in complete armour, she appeared among the foremost in every military operation either of attack or defence. Observing on one occasion, the enemy engaged so keenly in one quarter as totally to neglect another, she sprung on horseback, and sallying

out unperceived by the besiegers, with two hundred horsemen, fell like lightning on their camp, and burned their tents and magazines. The conflagration alarming the besiegers, they intercepted her retreat; but, with great presence of mind, she ordered her men to disperse and every one to consult his own safety. Five days afterwards she met them again at a place of rendezvous, and having received a reinforcement of 500 horse, returned in triumph through the midst of the enemy, and again entered Hennebone. The garrison, animated by her example, held out to the last extremity, but were at length on the point of surrendering—she alone opposing the resolution that famine and danger had induced them to form, and a treaty of surrender being in process of signature by the chief officers,—when the countess, ever on the watch, espied the English fleet. "Courage," she cried, "courage yet, my friends; no capitulation; the English are at hand." The town was relieved.

On the 25th August, 1346, was fought the ever-memorable battle of Crecy—the circumstances connected with which must be familiar to every English reader. The Prince of Wales—afterwards Edward the Black Prince—contributed greatly by his valour to secure the victory. Although but fifteen years of age, he gave abundant proof that he merited the honour of knighthood which his father had recently bestowed upon him. While hotly engaged with

some French cavalry, a messenger was despatched to the king, by the Earl of Warwick, entreating him to send succour to the prince. Edward, however, who had surveyed from the top of a hill the gallant bearing of his eldest boy, returned this answer: "Go back to my son, and tell him and his fellow-warriors, that I will not interpose to take from them the honour of repelling the enemy; which they can do without my assistance." Edward triumphed; and when the battle was over, was embraced by his father, who proudly said, "My brave son! persevere in your honourable career; for valiantly have you borne yourself to day. You have shown yourself worthy of an empire." The blind King of Bohemia was found among the slain: his crest was three ostrich feathers; and his motto these German words, ICH DIEN, *I serve*, which the Prince of Wales adopted in memorial of the great victory; and which the eldest sons of the British kings have ever since retained.

Philip fled from the fatal field, and about midnight reached the castle of Braye. On being asked by the governor before he admitted him, "Who is without?" "Open," he replied; "it is the fortune of France." Shortly afterwards Calais was invested, but it cost Edward a twelvemonth's siege, being gallantly defended by its governor, John of Vienne. At length the knight, compelled by famine to surrender, appeared on the walls, and made a sign to the English senti-

nels that he desired a parley. Sir Walter Manny was sent to him by Edward: "Brave knight," cried the Governor, "I have been intrusted by my sovereign with the command of this town; and I have endeavoured to do my duty. But we are perishing of hunger. I am willing, therefore, to yield; and desire only to ensure the lives of the brave men who have so long shared with me every danger and fatigue." Edward, however, who was exceedingly displeased at the pertinacious resistance of the people of Calais, would promise no terms; and insisted that six of the principal inhabitants should come to his camp, bareheaded and barefoot, and with ropes round their necks, to be dealt with as he should think proper—on these conditions he promised to spare the lives of the remainder. While the afflicted citizens deliberated as to what course they should pursue, one of them, Eustache de St. Pierre, stepped forward, and was followed by five others, who volunteered themselves to save the city. The lives of these heroic men were preserved by the intercession of Edward's Queen and the Prince of Wales. The king intrusted Calais to a traitor of Italian birth—Aimery de Pavie, who agreed to sell his trust for a sum of gold; but Edward, having discovered his treachery in time to prevent its effects, consented to pardon him on condition that he would turn the contrivance to the ruin of the enemy. A day was therefore appointed for their admission, and Edward secretly departed from

London, disguised as a private soldier, under the standard of Sir Walter Manny. The French were received within the walls, and the greater number immediately slain. Among them the king observed a knight fighting gallantly, and challenged him to single combat. They began a sharp and perilous encounter; but at length the knight seeing himself deserted by his companions, called out to his antagonist, "Sir knight, I yield myself your prisoner." After the battle, the king made himself known to his opponent, presented to him a string of pearls, and restored him to freedom, without ransom.

The title of "Dauphin," which is given to the eldest son of the French king, was first assumed during this reign. Humbert the Second, Dauphin of Vienne, being inconsolable for the loss of his only son, who had fallen from his nurse's arms, out of a window, retired to a monastery and left his estates to Philip's son, on condition that he should take the name of Dauphin, and quarter the arms of Dauphiny with those of France.

Philip died A. D. 1350, and was succeeded by his son,

JOHN THE SECOND.

The first John, a posthumous son of Louis the Tenth, lived but a few days, and his name is generally omitted by the French historians in the list of their kings. John the Second, surnamed the Good,

was upwards of forty years old when he ascended the throne.

During his reign the battle of Poitiers was fought (1356); where the Prince of Wales commanded the English forces, and increased the reputation he had gained at Crecy. The French king was vanquished and taken prisoner. His army fell helpless around him; but he stood firm as a rock lashed by the billows, and hewed down his foes, one by one, as they advanced to seize his person. At length, exhausted by his exertions, but still unwilling to surrender to an inferior, he cried out, "Where is my cousin, the Prince of Wales?" Being assured that he was at a distance, he threw down his gauntlet before a knight of Arras, Denis de Morbec, saying, "then, Sir, I yield myself to you." The young prince afterwards behaved so generously to the fallen king, that upon one occasion John shed tears as he thanked his conqueror. The captive was conducted to England, and landed at Southwark; where he was met by a great concourse of people, of all ranks and stations. He was clad in royal apparel, and mounted on a white steed of great size and beauty. The Prince Edward rode by his side upon a black horse, and in meaner attire. They were received by the English king and his son, with pride, delight, and affection, and the humbled monarch was treated by them in a manner that deprived captivity of more than half the venom of its sting.

John was afterwards ransomed by his subjects, for a sum amounting to about £1,500,000 of our present money. To facilitate the treaty by which he obtained his freedom, he again visited England (in consequence of the inability of the French nation to furnish so large a sum,) and lodged in the Savoy Palace: he was received with courtesy and honour by Edward; but had not been long in England before he was taken ill, and died A. D. 1364.

While John was in London the second time, the kings of Scotland and Cyprus were also in the city; and it is mentioned as the greatest honour ever enjoyed by a subject, that the Lord Mayor, a wine merchant, gave an elegant entertainment at once to four monarchs.

An account of the ceremonies that were observed in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, at the coronation of the kings of France, in the church of Rheims, will, we have no doubt, be highly interesting to our juvenile readers; we therefore give the following sketch of them:

His majesty spent the night, or a considerable part of it, in devotion, privately, in the church. Early next morning, being Sabbath day, at the ringing of the bell, the king's guards took possession of the principal gate of the church, and the canons and clergy their several stations within it. After the morning service, the king entered, with the archbishops, bishops, barons, &c., who sat down, ac-

cording to their rank, on seats prepared for them, around the altar. Meantime, a deputation of the most noble and potent barons, chosen by the king, was sent by him to the church of St. Remi, for the sacred oil; which they pledged their word of honour they would carefully and reverently return to the abbot. The sacred phial, encased in gold, was then carried under a rich canopy of silk by the abbot and monks, in solemn procession. On their arrival at the great gate of the church of St. Denis, they were met by the archbishops, bishops, barons, &c., who again engaged solemnly to restore the bottle, which was now conducted by the abbot and monks to the altar. The archbishop having assumed his appropriate dress, began high mass, and the king stood up. This being done, the archbishop, in his own name, and in that of all the churches and clergy of France, addressed him, and presented the following claim:

"We beseech and entreat you promise to us, that you will preserve to us, and to the churches committed to our care, our canonical privileges, laws, and constitution, and that you will defend us and our rights, as it becomes every king in this kingdom." To which the king replied, "I do promise and engage, that I will maintain to each of you, and to the churches intrusted to your care, your privileges and laws; and that as far as may be in my power, I will defend you, as becomes a king within this kingdom."

The following oath was also administered to him: "I promise, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, to those subjected to my dominion, that I will cherish and preserve always the whole Christian people, and the true peace of the church; that I will suppress all kinds of injustice, violence, and rapine; that I will at all times exercise justice and mercy in judgment, as I hope that God will show mercy to me and my people; and that I will faithfully and zealously do my endeavour to expel heretics out of the kingdom." Which he confirmed by solemnly laying his hand on the Bible.

"Te Deum," was now performed, while the archbishops, &c., led the king forward to the altar, at which he kneeled till the hymn was finished, and on which were laid the royal crown, the sword unsheathed, the golden spurs and sceptre, a rod of about a cubit long with an ivory handle, sandals richly ornamented, blue silk vests, coat, and royal cloak, all of which had been brought from the monastery of St. Denis. The grand chamberlain assisted in putting on the royal habit and sandals; the Duke of Burgundy buckled on the golden spurs, and again immediately removed them: the archbishop girt on the sword, and presently ungirding it, drew it from the scabbard, and delivered it into the hand of the king, addressing him in these words: "Take the sword which I now present to you, with the blessing of God, by which, with the grace of the Holy Ghost,

may you be able to resist and repel all the enemies and adversaries of the church, defend the kingdom committed to you, and promote the glory of God, through Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, who reigns with the Father!" &c.

This was followed by a suitable hymn and prayer, at the conclusion of which the king took the sword, and delivered it to the custody of the high constable, or, in his absence, to any of the barons whom he had appointed for the occasion to take charge of it, and bear it before him in procession when he retired from the church. The archbishop then proceeded to the ceremony of unction and consecration. The chrism being laid in the sacred patina on the altar, he took a little of the holy oil out of the phial of Rheims with a golden twig, and reverently mixed it with the chrism. The royal robe was loosened and folded down off the shoulders; the king kneeled; the litany was read; the bishops offered up three several appropriate prayers; and the archbishop then pronounced that of the consecration.

The prayer being ended, the archbishop took the chrism mixed with the oil of the sacred phial, and anointed the king on the head, the breast, the back, the shoulders, and arms, saying at each, "I anoint thee with the holy oil, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." These actions were followed by a hymn and prayers.

The royal robe was now replaced and fastened

with a clasp, and a ring put on the king's finger by the archbishop, who said, "Receive this ring, the symbol of faith, power, union, and happiness; the pledge of your fidelity in defending the church and subduing her enemies." The sceptre was next placed in his right hand, and the rod of justice in his left, accompanied by suitable addresses. The high chancellor then, or in his absence the archbishop, called by name, first the lay and next the ecclesiastical peers, who, standing around the royal person, assisted the archbishop in placing the crown on his head, and continued to support it, while the prelate repeated, "May God crown you with glory, honour, righteousness and constancy, that through our prayers, a sound faith, and its fruits abounding in good works, you may obtain the inheritance of an everlasting kingdom!" This was again followed by three prayers, an address, and a concluding prayer, on the king's being conducted by the peers to a throne prepared for his reception.

The archbishop then, having laid aside his mitre, saluted him, and proclaimed, "Long live the king!" The peers each did the same, and the words resounded through the assembly. The book of the Gospel was presented to him, which he kissed; high mass was performed, and he received the sacrament; an offering was made by him of a vessel of wine and three pieces of gold; the Gospel was recited while the crown was laid aside, and the king descended from

the throne; a smaller crown was put on his head, and, the constable bearing the sword before him, the procession returned to the palace.

CHARLES THE FIFTH,

Succeeded his father John; he was almost the first king in Europe who did not think it incumbent upon him to appear personally at the head of his armies, or to hazard his person equally with the lowest soldier. He hoped to effect more by foresight, policy, and judgment, than his predecessors had done by the strength of their arms, or the force of their valour; and he was in a great measure successful. "No king," said Edward, his great antagonist, "ever less handled his sword; and none ever occasioned to his adversaries so much embarrassment."*

* In this reign the whims of the court became matters of great weight and importance; among others were introduced the fashionable shoes, called after the name of the inventor *a la Poulaine*. They were turned up before with a long point proportioned to the person's rank, from half a foot to a foot, and even two feet long, somewhat resembling a cow's horn, and were actually tipped with horn; they were also sometimes branched; and the more ridiculous they appeared, the more stylish were they, as usual, considered. The clergy declaimed against this fashion as unnatural and disgraceful; and it was the subject of a grave discussion before two ecclesiastical councils of Paris, in 1312, and Antwerp, in 1365; by both of which it was condemned; but it was not abolished till the civil government prohibited it, in 1368, by a fine of ten florins for every transgression.

In a battle between the French and Normans, in 1364, the French army was commanded by Bertrand du Guesclin, one of the best and bravest knights of France. The Norman Captal de Buch, also possessed a high reputation. They met near Cocherel, on the banks of the Eure. The Captal placed his standard on a thorn-bush, in front of his army, as a challenge to provoke his adversary to begin. Neither party, however, was willing to quit the post that each advantageously occupied. At length Du Guesclin feigned a retreat; when a valiant Norman officer, John Jouel, impatient for the fight, exclaimed, "Quick, quick, let us descend; the French are flying!" The Captal cautioned him, but the impetuous soldier called aloud, "follow me who loves me; I am determined to fight!" and so ran on with a body of troops after him. As soon as they had left their trenches, the French rapidly formed and charged them; Jouel saw his error, but fought bravely; many fell, and many were disarmed and taken. The standard of De Buch, which had been so vauntingly displayed, became the main object of attack and defence. Thirty valiant knights resolved to seize it; and as many on the other side swore it should be preserved. The French, after a bloody and obstinate struggle, succeeded. Jouel, who was the cause of the failure of his party, disdained to flee; he was covered with wounds from head to foot; yet stood and fought till he fell dead. De Buch pausing in

the midst of the struggle, looked round and beheld all his friends either slaughtered or captured, asked for Du Guesclin, and yielded himself prisoner.

Charles the Fifth, whose uniform and systematic conduct as a politician and a sovereign in a ferocious age, procured him the epithet of "the Wise," died in 1380, and left the throne to his son,

CHARLES THE SIXTH.

In the year 1392 this king betrayed symptoms of insanity, and during a march at the head of his army, for the purpose of bringing the duke of Brittany under subjection, the dreadful malady broke forth. He was riding through the forest of Mans, when a tall, half-naked man, black and hideous, rushed from among the trees, rudely seized the bridle of his horse, and exclaimed—"King, ride no farther, but return; you are betrayed!"—then instantly disappeared. The king, in dreadful alarm, passed on. Two pages rode behind him; the one bore a polished helmet, the other a spear. The latter having become sleepy by the heat of the day, let fall his weapon, which struck against the steel helmet of his comrade. Charles, who was brooding over the warning of the strange figure, was totally unhinged by the sudden noise near him, and supposing it to be the attack of his enemy, turned, drew his sword, put spurs to his horse, and furiously assaulted all who came in his way: several were killed and wounded; but at length a Norman

knight sprang up behind the king, pinioned him, and kept him thus until he was disarmed. They laid him on the ground, perfectly exhausted and speechless.

In the year 1415, Henry the Fifth of England invaded France, at the head of a numerous and brave army, and on the 25th of October the battle of Agincourt was fought. The French, who were vastly superior in numbers, commenced the attack; their archers on horseback, and their men at arms, advanced upon the archers of England, who had fixed palisades in their front to break the assault of the enemy, and from behind that defence plied their foes with a shower of arrows which nothing could resist. The whole French army shortly exhibited a scene of confusion and dismay; and the English fell upon them with their battle-axes, and hewed them to pieces almost without resistance. The mass of prisoners was so great as to encumber the victors; and an alarm being spread that they were attacked in the rear, Henry gave orders that all the captives should be put to death. The mistake was soon discovered, and the mandate countermanded; but unhappily it added many to the number of the slain. The French lost 10,000 killed and 14,000 prisoners; among the former were their commanders, the Dukes of Brabant and Alençon, and a host of nobles and knights. The loss of the English was not great; and has been variously estimated at from forty persons to one thousand six

hundred: the Duke of York was the only man of rank who fell. In consequence of this victory the English obtained and held possession of many important towns and fortresses in France.

In 1422, Charles the Sixth died, and the kingdom was inherited by his son,

CHARLES THE SEVENTH,

Surnamed "the Victorious." During the first six years of his reign the English arms in France were almost uniformly successful; and the young king was reduced almost to a state of penury. Nor was he previously very fortunate, for shortly before he obtained the crown, he had been forced to supply his table even by the sale of his wife's jewels. His little court was torn by intestine factions; the English, under the command of John, Duke of Bedford, uncle to Henry the Sixth, were proceeding to lay siege to Orleans; and the ruin of Charles appeared inevitable, when an occurrence, the most singular in the records of history, turned the scale in his favour, and restored him in power to the throne of his ancestors.

The fortitude, courage, perseverance, and cruel death of the Maid of Orleans form one of the most romantic and interesting portions of French history; her spirit and good fortune may with propriety be called *marvellous;* since, informed as we happily are, we cannot deem it, as in her own time it was universally deemed, *miraculous.* Joan d'Arc a native

of Droimy, near Vaucouleurs, on the Meuse, was a country-girl somewhat above twenty years of age, handsome and lively, and of irreproachable conduct. She had been early accustomed to the management of horses, and rode with grace and ease, having filled the humble situation of maid in the inn of her native village; where she had frequent opportunities of hearing discussed the calamities and misery the lower orders were suffering, the deplorable state of the country, and the peculiar character of Charles—one so strongly inclined to friendship and affection—which naturally rendered him the hero of that sex whose generous minds place little bounds to their enthusiasm. These discussions warmed the maiden's imagination, rendered her indignant against the English, and inspired her with the noble resolution of delivering her country from its enemies.

She went therefore to Vaucouleurs, obtained admittance to Baudricourt, the governor, and assured him that she had seen visions, and heard voices exhorting her to re-establish the throne of France. An uncommon intrepidity of soul made her overlook all the dangers which might attend her in such a design; and the village-girl burst forth at once into the fearless heroine. Doubtless her inexperienced mind mistook the impulses of passion for heavenly inspiration, for no one act of Joan d'Arc leads to the belief that she ever contemplated imposition. The governor of Vaucouleurs treated her at first with neglect; but after

a time, wisely considering that in the present state of affairs, advantage might be taken of her enthusiasm, he entered into her views, and sent her, with proper attendants and a recommendation to the king, who was then residing at Chinon.

The age was one of almost unbounded credulity, and it was the interest of the king and his friends, when accepting her services, to persuade the people she was sent by God. She resided two months at Chinon, and the priesthood confirmed the rumor of her being an inspired person. It is but fair to suppose that all were disposed to believe what they so ardently wished. Joan, armed *cap-ä-pee*, and mounted on horseback, was triumphantly presented to the people as the messenger of Heaven, and began her martial transactions by escorting a large convoy for the supply of Orleans, as the English were then besieging that city. She ordered the soldiers to confess themselves before they set out on their enterprise; banished from the camp all dissolute characters; and carried in her own hand a consecrated banner, on which the Supreme Being was represented grasping the globe of earth, and surrounded with *fleurs-de-lis*. The maid wrote to the commanders of the English troops desiring them, in the name of the Omnipotent Creator, to raise the siege and evacuate France, and menaced them with divine vengeance in case of their disobedience. The English affected to deride her and her heavenly commission, but their imaginations were secretly af-

fected by the strong feeling that prevailed in all around them; and they waited with anxious expectation for the issue of these extraordinary proceedings. Strange it was, but no less true, that provisions were safely and peaceably permitted to enter the city; and Joan was received as a celestial deliverer by all the inhabitants, who now believed themselves invincible under her influence. An alteration of affairs was visible to the whole civilized world, whose attention was fixed upon the war between two such nations; and the sudden change had a proportionate effect on the minds of both parties. The spirit resulting from a long course of uninterrupted good fortune, was rapidly transferred from the victors to the vanquished. The Maid cried aloud for an immediate sally of the garrison, her ardour roused to exertion—she attacked and conquered. Nothing, after this success, seemed impossible to her votaries; she declared that within a little time the English would be entirely driven from their entrenchments, and was herself foremost in the battle, animating and exhorting her troops. Nor was her bravery more singular than her presence of mind: in one attack she was wounded by an arrow in the neck; she pulled the weapon out with her own hands, had the wound quickly dressed, and hastened back to head the troops and plant her victorious banner on the ramparts of the adversary. The English no longer denied that Joan was inspired, but they declared she was possessed of an evil, not a good spirit. Whether

"*The Maid of Orleans*" (an appellation given to her when she had finally succeeded in obliging the English to raise a siege upon which so much money and so many valuable lives had been expended) really acted upon her own council or upon that of the French general, Dunois (as it was said), she is alike entitled to our praise and admiration; for there is often as much wisdom shown in following, as in giving advice. And it must never be forgotten that, when necessary, she curbed her visionary temper and zeal by prudence and discretion.

The Maid gave two promises to Charles; one that she would force the invaders to raise the siege of Orleans; the other, that she would see him crowned at Rheims. The former having been kept, the latter remained to be fulfilled. The king joined his victorious people, and, accompanied by her who might be truly termed his guardian angel, set out for that ancient city. Such was the universal panic, that he hardly perceived he was marching through an enemy's country. When he arrived at Rheims, he was there joined by the dukes of Lorraine and Bar, and next day, the 17th of July, 1429, his coronation was performed with the holy oil, to which we have elsewhere referred, and which, it was said, a pigeon had brought to king Clovis from heaven, on the first establishment of the French monarchy. The Maid of Orleans stood by his side in complete armour, displaying that sacred banner with which she had so

often animated his troops and dismayed his enemies. When the impressive ceremony was concluded, she threw herself at the monarch's feet, and shed a flood of exulting and tender tears. "At last," she exclaimed, "my dear sovereign, the will of God is fulfilled; in this happy event he hath shown that you are he to whom this kingdom doth indeed belong." It is impossible to imagine one more devoid of personal ambition than Joan d'Arc. It is true, that Charles ennobled her family, and exempted her native village from taxation; but, having fulfilled the professed end of her mission, she earnestly solicited the favour of being permitted to return to her home and tranquillity.

When the indelible stain made by her death on the page of English history is remembered, it will be deeply regretted that Charles refused her request. Finding that her services were again required, she threw herself into Compiegne, then besieged by the English, and made many successful sallies against the assailants; but being deserted by her party on one occasion, she was pulled from her horse and taken prisoner by one Lionel de Vendôme, an officer of the Burgundian army. It is hardly to be credited, that a king whom she had crowned, a people whom she had saved, should have made no effort to recover their preserver from her bitter enemies. Yet they left the intrepid girl to the cruel vengeance of her foes; and the duke of Burgundy purchased, for the

sum of ten thousand pounds sterling, the casket that contained the soul of Joan of Arc. She was carried to Rouen, loaded with irons, and summoned to appear before a tribunal formed of persons interested in her destruction. Nothing could exceed the intrepidity of her conduct, or the coolness of her replies: they could not try her as a prisoner of war; and so, for a period of four months, they harassed her with religious interrogatories. During the whole time, she never betrayed any weakness or womanish submission, and no advantage was gained over her. Her answers to the various questions proposed to her are too long for insertion here, but they must ever prove highly interesting to the lovers of true heroism. In the issue she was found guilty of all the crimes imputed to her—of being a sorceress, an idolater, a witch, and a heretic. But the chief part of her accusation was wearing man's apparel: and she was finally sentenced to be delivered over to the secular arm. It was hardly to be expected but that, sooner or later, the weakness of the woman would triumph over the fortitude of the heroine. Brow-beaten by men invested with the appearance of holiness, her spirit was subdued; the visionary dream of inspiration with which she had been buoyed up by the applause of her party, as well as by continual success, faded before the punishment to which she was condemned. She confessed her willingness to recant, acknowledged the illusion of those revelations which

the church had rejected, and promised never more to mention them: her sentence was then, as they termed it, "mitigated." She was doomed to perpetual imprisonment, and to be fed during life upon bread and water. But the vengeance of the maiden's enemies was not yet appeased. Suspecting that the female dress had been rendered uncomfortable by habit, although she had consented to resume it, they purposely placed in her chamber a coat of armour, and meanly watched for the effects of the temptation. At the sight of a dress in which she had acquired so much renown, and which she had once believed she wore by the direct command of Heaven, all her former feelings and passions revived, and she ventured in her solitude to clothe herself again in the forbidden steel. Her base and contemptible foes surprised her in that condition; the slight offence was interpreted into an heretical relapse, and she was doomed to be publicly burned in the market-place of Rouen (June the 14th, 1431). "This admirable heroine," says Hume, "to whom the more generous superstition of the ancients would have erected altars, was, on pretence of heresy and magic, delivered over alive to the flames, and expiated by that dreadful punishment the signal services she had rendered to her prince and her native country." The English king, Henry, was at Rouen at the time of this authorized murder; and there is still extant a very curious letter from him to his uncle, the duke of Bedford, on

the death of Joan, which he terms the "extirpation of a pestilential error."

The effects of her influence, however, was felt long after her death; and although by a kind of mock coronation, the young king of England received the crown of France at Rheims, it was manifest that the English power was rapidly declining in that country.

After the siege of Orleans had been abandoned, the earl of Suffolk, who was taken prisoner fighting valiantly, displayed, even during a moment of imminent peril, the chivalrous spirit of the times. He was about to surrender himself to William Renaud, but first asked him, "Are you a gentleman?" "Yes." "But are you a knight?" "No." "Then," said the earl, "I make you one;" and having dubbed him on the field, retired in his custody.

In consequence of the several victories that followed, nearly all the provinces and fortresses garrisoned by England, yielded to the French; and the latter days of Charles the Seventh were passed in prosperity and popularity. He died in 1461, leaving behind him the highest reputation as a prince of acknowledged courage, justice, and discretion, and well deserving the success that had attended his arms; though it must be admitted, that the manner in which he left his deliverer, Joan d'Arc, to her fate, without attempting to save her, tarnishes, in some measure, the splendour of his reign. His son,

LOUIS THE ELEVENTH,

Succeeded his father, but he inherited none of his father's virtues. He was thirty-eight years of age when he came to the throne: mean, selfish, regardless of truth, and fawning to those who were necessary to him; but negligent of those of whom he considered himself independent; yet possessing an insinuating address and great perseverance in attaining his object. When he gave offence by his words in conversation, he was ever ready to apologise. "I am sensible," he would say, "that my tongue is often prejudicial to my interests." Still, no man ever had his speech or his temper more completely under control.* He is described by the historian as "uniformly flagitious, and systematically bad."

One of the most remarkable events of the early years of his reign, was his voluntarily placing himself in the hands of his mortal enemy, Charles, duke of Burgundy, thinking to overreach that prince by his powers of persuasion; but he suffered as the dupe of his vanity, and was confined a prisoner in the castle of Peronne, in Picardy. Comines, the historian of his time, describes minutely every circumstance connected with the extraordinary meeting of the rival

* The character of this king, and portions of the history of his reign, have been made familiar to the English reader, by the Author of "Waverley," in his historical novel of "Quentin Durward."

potentates, and the subsequent imprisonment of the king. He does not assert, that Charles had it in contemplation to put his royal prisoner to death; but he insinuates, that the king's terror of such an event was not without some foundation. The duke kept him three days in painful suspense; but at length he was released, under conditions the most ignominious and humiliating.

Charles was afterwards foully and treacherously murdered by Campo-basso, a Neapolitan, on whom he had conferred many favours. While besieging Nancy, in Lorraine, the Italian deserted, leaving twelve of his soldiers with orders to assassinate the duke. They executed the detestable commission too faithfully. It is said, that Campo-basso had previously offered to deliver up his master, alive or dead, to Louis; but that even Louis abhorred so black a treachery, and sent intimation of it to Charles; though the infamous opinion the duke entertained of Louis, induced him to neglect or despise the information. "If," said he, "it were true, the king would never have imparted to me so important a secret;" and he even redoubled his marks of confidence towards the perfidious Neapolitan.

When Louis drew near his last moments—hastened by three successive strokes of apoplexy—he presented one of the most awful pictures that the imagination can conceive. The cruel are always cowards; and the king shrunk with the natural terror of a base

and wicked mind from the idea of death. He exhausted every power of medicine, devotion, artifice, to prolong his miserable existence. It has even been said, that a bath of infants' blood was prepared for him, in the hope that it would cure the disease under which he laboured. At length, it was considered necessary to inform him that his end was rapidly approaching; but as he had often warned his officers never to pronounce to him the fatal word—death,—there was none willing to communicate the tidings, until his strength had failed him; and the fearful sentence was heard only when at his last gasp.

He had been long separated from his queen, an excellent, though not beautiful woman; but, what was of far higher importance in such a state of society, she protected and aided the dissemination of literature in France. A characteristic anecdote is related of her:—Passing accidentally through an apartment where Alain Chartier, the most brilliant genius, but the ugliest man of his age, lay asleep, she went up to him, and kissed him. Her ladies reproached her by their looks for this seeming violation of female modesty. "It was not the man," said she, "whom I kissed, but the mouth whence have proceeded so many elevated sentiments."

It is asserted that the physician of Louis, James Coctier, treated his master with great insolence, and extorted from him immense sums of money. But he owed his life to Louis's superstition; for he informed

him, that the existence of the king must inevitably terminate within eight days of the death of his physician.

Louis died A. D. 1483, and the crown descended to his son,

CHARLES THE EIGHTH.

The character of this king is given in a few words by the historian Comines :—" He was the most affable and sweetest-natured prince in the world. I verily believe he never said a word to any man that could in reason displease him." He died of apoplexy in 1498, and with him ended the direct line of Valois; Louis duke of Orleans, who succeeded him in the throne, being of a collateral branch.

LOUIS THE TWELFTH,

Almost immediately after his coronation, gave a proof of temperance and generosity. When advised by his courtiers to punish those who had been his enemies during the preceding reign, he made this glorious reply, " It becomes not a King of France to revenge the quarrels of a duke of Orleans.

Louis engaged in a protracted and unprofitable war with Pope Julius the Second. In this contest, a young hero, whose renown has descended to posterity, and formed the theme of many a poet's lay and romantic story, first made his appearance. Gaston de Foix was nephew to the king, and was

scarcely in his twenty-third year. The Italians regarded him as a prodigy, and he was surnamed "the Thunderbolt of Italy," from the intrepidity of his exploits, the rapidity of his progress, and the suddenness of his extinction.

At the battle of Ravenna he exerted all the qualities of an experienced and consummate general; yet, like a young soldier, threw away his life at the moment of victory. The action had been completely gained, when the celebrated Chevalier Bayard, seeing Gaston de Foix covered with blood, rode up, and asked if he was wounded?" No," he replied, "but I have wounded many of the enemy." Bayard implored him on no consideration to quit the main body of the army. This wholesome advice was unhappily neglected. A Gascon runaway having informed him, that a party of the enemy not only maintained their ground, but were gaining some advantage, he called out, "Who loves me, follows me," and instantly charged them. They were, however, a body of veterans, who, lowering their pikes, coolly received the attack. Gaston's horse was first killed, and himself overborne by numbers: he was bravely defended by his relative, Lautrec, who, when no longer able to ward off the blows aimed at him, eagerly exclaimed, "Spare him, spare him, and you shall have immense ransom." The appeal was made in vain; the prince fell, covered with wounds; and the gallant Bayard was almost driven to madness, when riding up, he

found the young hero dead upon the field that had been won by his skill and courage.

In 1514, Louis the Twelfth was married to the Princess Mary, sister to Henry the Eighth of England, a lady of exceeding beauty. But the marriage was one of mere state policy, for Louis was in the decline of life, and Mary had already bestowed her affections on Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who had been previously selected by Henry as his sister's husband. After the death of Louis, she became the wife of the duke, and was called the queen-duchess.

Louis died on the 1st January, 1515. He was the most virtuous prince that had ever governed France. It was proclaimed in the hall of the palace, at his death, "Le bon Roi Louis douze, père du peuple, est mort." The title was deserved. In him expired the elder branch of the House of Orleans, and that of Angoulême succeeded to the throne.

FRANCIS THE FIRST

Was but twenty-one years of age when he became king of France. Nature had endowed him with the rarest and most estimable qualities of mind and person; very handsome, well formed, active and expert in all the military as well as elegant exercises suited

to his age and rank, courteous in his manners, bounteous even to prodigality, eloquent in the cabinet, brave and skilful in the field—he seemed formed to be the monarch of a great kingdom, and to rule over the hearts as well as the persons of his subjects.

His first battle was fought against the Milanese. Francis showed the greatest intrepidity: when it was terminated, he laid himself down upon the carriage of a piece of artillery, and, like Darius after the combat of Arbela, is said to have drank with avidity a little water mixed with blood and dirt, brought to him in a helmet by one of his soldiers. The day was won by the French, after a tremendous struggle. A mareschal, who had been present at seventeen engagements, thus described it—"this is a contest of giants, but all the others were only children's play." When night separated the combatants, the king, surrounded by a few of his officers, lay down to sleep: presently he received information that they were only fifty paces from a large body of the enemy; and that if discovered, they must inevitably be made prisoners. Uncertain in what way to proceed, the solitary torch was instantly extinguished, and Francis remained anxiously watching the first dawn of morn, which brought relief to the party by enabling them to join their companions in arms.

The year 1520 was distinguished by the meeting of Francis and Henry the Eighth of England, at a point situated between the towns of Guisnes and Ar-

dres. "*The Field of the Cloth of Gold*," (as it was named from the extraordinary splendour by which it was distinguished, even at that period of luxury and display,) has formed a theme not unworthy of the pen of the historian, and a cherished subject for the poet and novelist. Francis, attended by the rank, beauty, and talent, that rendered his court the most refined of all his contemporaries, repaired to the town of Ardres; while Henry proceeded from Calais, with his queen and splendid retinue, to the frontier town of Guisnes. The field in which the rival but friendly monarchs first met was within the English pale; Francis, with his usual generosity, having paid this compliment to the British king, in consideration of his having crossed the sea to grace the ceremony by his presence. It has been said by some historians, that the ambitious Cardinal Wolsey, as conductor of these august ceremonies, contrived this matter to do honour to his master. Others affirm, that it was proposed, in the first instance, by the French king himself.

The two monarchs received each other with much pomp, and many demonstrations of kindly feeling; and retired into a tent, prepared for their reception in the most costly manner, to a secret conference, where Henry proposed to amend the articles of their former alliance. As a preliminary, he commenced reading the treaty, the first words of which were—"*I, Henry, king;*" he paused a moment, and subjoined only the

words *of England*, without adding *France*, the customary title then adopted by the English monarchs. The propriety, courtesy, and delicacy of Henry was never forgotten by Francis. Nor was this generous king slow in returning the compliment; full of honour, incapable of jealousy or mistrust, he was naturally shocked at the precautions observed whenever a meeting took place between Henry and himself. The reckoning of guards and attendants on either side—the precision with which (in compliance with etiquette) every step was scrupulously measured and adjusted—Francis heartily disdained; for if the kings only designed to visit the queens, they left their respective quarters at the same time, which, we are told, was marked by the firing of a culverin—passed each other in the middle point between the towns, and the moment Henry entered Ardres, Francis placed himself in English hands at Guisnes. But the French monarch resolved to terminate this endless ceremonial; and, accompanied by only two gentlemen and his page, rode gallantly into Guisnes, and cried aloud to the astonished guards, "*You are all my prisoners!* —carry me to your master." Henry was both surprised and charmed at the sudden appearance of his kingly brother, and, according to the fashion of the times, cordially embracing him, unclasped a pearl collar from his throat, and begged him to wear it for his sake. Francis graciously accepted the gift, on condition that Henry should wear a bracelet which

he fastened upon his arm, and which was of extraordinary beauty and value. Confidence was thus fully established between these magnificent kings, and they employed the rest of their time in tournaments and festivals. A challenge had been sent out by the two princes to each other's court, and through the chief cities of Europe, importing, "that Francis and Henry, with fourteen aids, would be ready in the plains of Picardy, to answer all comers, that were gentlemen, at tilt, tournament, and barriers." It was a brilliant and a glowing scene—and the historians love to dwell upon it—under the blue skies of France, to behold the tents, glittering in silk and gold, with their floating banners, gleaming in the sunny light—to hear the lone sound of the herald's trumpet—and anon the harmony of many hundred instruments, proclaim that the kings of France and England had entered the field of peaceful combat. Both sovereigns were gorgeously apparelled, and both the most comely personages of their age, as well as the most expert in every military exercise. They carried off the prize in all arduous and dangerous pastimes, and several were overthrown by their vigour and dexterity. Ladies of high rank and surpassing beauty were the judges in their feats of chivalry, and put an end to the rencontres whenever they deemed it necessary. During a period of several days, the princes spent their time in these entertainments, until their departure for their respective capitals. The interview,

however, had more of show than of substance, and was productive of no durable or solid friendship between them—gorgeous and chivalric to the extreme, it was nothing more. So profuse was the expenditure, and so costly the preparations that had been made, by the nobles of both England and France, that "many, I doubt not," says Du Belly, the historian, "carried thither on their shoulders their castles, forests, and lands."

A singular accident befel Francis in January, 1521. The king, to amuse his leisure hours, attacked, in mimic battle, with a few gentlemen, the house of one of his counts—snowballs and similar missiles being used by the assailants. A person on the opposite side unfortunately threw a torch from a balcony, which struck the king on the head, and wounded him so severely that for several days his life was despaired of. It became necessary to cut off his hair, which he would never suffer to grow again, but introduced the fashion of wearing the beard long, and the hair short.

The unhappy differences between Francis and Charles, Duke of Bourbon, the constable of France, produced a destructive war between the French monarch and the Emperor Charles the Fifth. The duke had unquestionably been treated with unmerited severity by his master—and his treason in joining the emperor admits of some palliation. That monarch confided his troops to the charge of his new ally; those

of France were commanded by the Admiral Bonnivet; and under him served the brave and distinguished Chevalier Bayard. The two armies met at Romagnano, and the admiral was beaten; he placed himself, however, during his retreat, at the head of the rear guard, as being the post of honour and of danger; nor did he quit this station until he received a severe wound from a musket-ball in the arm. He then called to Bayard, and said, "you see that I am in no fit state either to fight or to command. Extricate the army if it be possible; I commit it to your care." "It is too late," replied Bayard: "but no matter; my soul is my God's, and my life my country's." He executed the charge confided to him with that noble intrepidity which has immortalized his name; but he fell in the performance of his duty. He has been justly described as one of the most heroic and elevated spirits that ever flourished in the best ages of chivalry. Indeed the records of his exploits, his gallantry, his munificence, and his whole character, have more the air of romance than of sober history. The instances related of his humanity and beneficence, even to his enemies, would excite admiration and astonishment in any age, but are almost incredible when we consider the barbarous manner in which war was carried on in the beginning of the sixteenth century. In such high esteem was he held by Francis, that the king requested to be made a knight by the hands of his brave subject; and when Bayard would have excused

himself, *commanded* that it should be done. Bayard drew his sword, dubbed him after the usual form, and having pronounced the words, "In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I make thee a knight: be worthy, brave, and loyal; and God grant that you may never flee from your enemies," kissed the weapon, and devoted it as a relic to the service of religion. The circumstances of his death have been the subject of historical eulogium, and have been immortalized by poets and painters. He received a mortal wound by a ball from an arquebuse, and immediately cried out, "Jesus, mon Dieu! je suis mort." He then prepared himself for death with that composure and magnanimity which characterized all his actions. He held up his sword before him to supply the want of a crucifix, confessed himself to his steward, as no priest was to be found, and comforted his friends and servants under the loss that they were about to sustain. The Duke of Bourbon wept over him like a child. "Weep not for me," said the dying hero, "weep not for me; but for yourself. I die in the service of my country; you triumph in the ruin of yours: and have far greater cause to lament your victory than I my defeat." Thus died the Chevalier Bayard—the chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*.

In a subsequent battle between the Constable Bourbon and Francis, at Pava, in Italy, the king was taken prisoner, and his army almost destroyed. He is said to have slain several of his opponents with his own

hands during the engagement; and although covered with wounds, and deserted by his followers, continued to defend himself with heroic valour, until, completely exhausted, two Spanish officers put their swords to his throat and bade him surrender. A follower of Bourbon recognized him, though his face was stained with blood from a deep wound across his forehead, and desired him to yield himself to the constable. Francis refused to deliver up his sword to a traitor, but presented it to the Viceroy of Naples, who arrived on the spot just as his captors had despoiled him of his armour, belt, and spurs.

The old Mareschal de Chabannes, who had been distinguished in every battle under Charles the Eighth and Louis the Twelfth, was made prisoner by Castaldo, a Neapolitan captain. As Castaldo was conducting him to a place of safety, he was met by Buzarto, a Spanish officer, who judging by the mareschal's coat of mail that he was a prize of value, wished to be associated with the Neapolitan in the profit of his prisoner's ransom. Castaldo refused; when the brutal Spaniard, with an atrocity unparalleled, shot the venerable mareschal dead at his feet.

Richard de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, also perished on this fatal day. He commanded the corps of five thousand men raised by the Duke of Gueldres in 1515, and surnamed "the Black Bands:" he was suffocated under a heap of dead bodies. Two other

distinguished commanders were slain, Lescun Mareschal de Foix, and the Admiral Bonnivet; the former was the declared and inveterate enemy of the latter, although both fought on the side of France. When conscious that he was mortally wounded, Lescun became furious with rage at the idea that his mortal foe must now escape his wrath; and, only anxious to punish him before his own death, sought him all over the field with the hope of plunging a dagger into his breast: he at length fell exhausted, and was made prisoner and carried into Pavia, where he died in the arms of a beautiful countess, to whom he had been fondly attached.

Nothing can be more heroic than the death of Bonnivet, to whose fatal advice the loss of the battle was mainly attributable. Seeing the fortune of the day waver, and the troops disposed to fly, he attempted to rally them; but, not succeeding, he raised his visor, that he might be universally known, and rushing into the thickest of the fight, fell covered with wounds. The resentment of the constable subsided at the sight of his bloody and disfigured remains; he gazed upon them for some time in silence, and then solemnly said, "Ah malheureux! Tu es cause de la ruine de la France;—et de la mienne," he added, after a lengthened pause.

The king communicated the result of this struggle to the queen-mother in these words, "Madam, all is lost but our honour"

The French king was kept in captivity during a period of thirteen months, the greater portion of which was spent in prison in Madrid. At the end of this time he was released by treaty, his two sons being left as hostages for the due performance of the conditions. No sooner had he reached his own dominions, than he mounted a Turkish horse that waited for him, and galloped, without stopping or looking behind, to St. Jean de Luz, often waving his bonnet in the air, and exclaiming, "Je suis encore Roi!"

In 1526, the war between the two great monarchs, Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, and Francis, was renewed in Italy. The command of the forces of the former was again given to the Duke of Bourbon, who formed the daring and desperate resolution of marching to Rome, the Roman pontiff having sided with the French king. This design was carried into effect; and although the duke was killed by a musket-ball under the walls, his victorious army (the command of which devolved on the Prince of Orange) entered and pillaged that celebrated city. Pope Clement the Second was forced to capitulate, and remained a prisoner in the hands of the victors; and Rome, abandoned to the rapacity and violence of the conquerors, became a scene of carnage and desolation. The first shot that was fired had proved fatal to the duke of Bourbon, and was commonly attributed to a priest; but Benvenuto Cellini, known by his extraordinary writings and adventures, lays

claim to the merit of the deed. The duke's death was not known until his troops had obtained possession of the city. No language can express the fury of the soldiers when they received the intelligence. They rent the air with cries of "Carné, carné! Sangré, sangré! Bourbon, Bourbon!" and every sentiment of mercy was extinguished in their breasts. The pillage lasted without interruption for two months; during which every crime of which man is capable was committed. The details are too horrible for insertion.

Francis the First died of a slow fever, on the 31st of March, 1547, in the fifty-third year of his age, and the thirty-third of his reign. The proclamation in the hall of the palace, which announced his death, was in these words: "Prince, clément en paix, victorieux en guerre, père et restaurateur des bonnes lettres et des arts liberaux." His devotion to gallantry is well known. "A court without ladies," he would frequently say, "is a year without spring; a spring without roses."

Francis, however, urged by the clergy, who were apprehensive lest he should absolutely join the Protestants, and being desirous, on this account, to signalize his zeal, and to assure them of the contrary, appears to have entered into their views with more than his usual ardour, for some years before his death. In order to excite general attention, and to revive the veneration accustomed to be paid to the

ceremonies of the church generally, and to the mass and the host particularly, which was evidently declining, he ordained a solemn procession in Paris, January, 1535; in which he walked barefooted and with uncovered head, carrying a torch in his hand, and followed by his children, the princes of the blood, and all his courtiers. At the conclusion he delivered a discourse to as many as could hear him, against the reformed doctrines, exhorted all to beware of them, and held out encouragement to such as would give information against Reformers, declaring that if one of his children, or his own right hand, were infected, he would not hesitate about its destruction.

Budé was the chief cause of the revival of literature under Francis the First; this must be considered as no slight honour: his wife was of great use to him in his literary pursuits, and used to find out and mark down the various passages suitable to his purpose. One day his servant came running to him in a great fright, crying out—"Sir, Sir, the house is on fire!" "Why do you not inform your mistress of it?" replied Budé, calmly; "you know I never trouble myself about the house."*

HENRY THE SECOND,

Son of Francis, succeeded to the throne of France.

* As this anecdote is related of several other persons, it may be well to state that it is extracted from a rare book in the king's library, at the British Museum.

He was the handsomest prince of the age, and one of the best cavaliers in Europe; courteous, beneficent, and humane, his intentions were ever honourable, but his judgment was not always right. He possessed neither the capacity nor discernment of his father, and was in great measure under the influence and guidance of unworthy favourites. The treasures amassed during the latter years of the reign of Francis, were dissipated in wanton extravagance by his successor.

Henry, on his return from a visit he made, soon after his accession, to the frontier of Picardy, not only permitted, but was present with all his court, at the celebrated duel between Guy de Chabat-Jarnac and Francis de Vivonne la Chataignerie, which was fought with all the forms of chivalry, at St. Germain-en-Laye. Jarnac had cast some foul imputations on Chataignerie, who was one of the most skilful and accomplished cavaliers of France, and who so completely despised his antagonist, that he fought carelessly, and was vanquished. By a thrust totally unexpected, Jarnac wounded him in the thigh and brought him to the ground. Henry instantly flung down his baton, to put an end to the encounter, and Jarnac, as the law of arms required, desisted; but his competitor, stung with disappointment and covered with shame, would not accept the life of which the honour and glory was gone; and having torn off the bandages from his wounds, soon after expired.

Henry was remarkably fond of tournaments and entertainments, and indulged in them to excess; but these innocent exhibitions were soon followed by others of a very different character. The reformation had broken out in Germany, and had spread in France, where a number of proselytes to the doctrines of Calvin and Luther were publicly and solemnly burnt, as examples to their companions; the king and his whole court being present at these inhuman sacrifices, which were performed with a refinement of cruelty, worthier of a race of savages than of civilized men, professing the faith of HIM who went about doing good.

Henry had married Catherine de Medicis; but his favours were shared by a beautiful though designing woman, Diana of Poitiers, created Duchess of Valentinois. She was near twenty years older than the king; and an attachment so unusual, between persons of such unequal ages was, by his subjects, attributed to sorcery. It was affirmed that the duchess wore magical rings to prevent the decay of her beauty, which she retained in a remarkable degree even till the autumn of her days. A writer who saw her when nearly seventy years old, speaks of her as being "so lovely, that the most insensible person could not have looked upon her without emotion." This guilty attachment of the king produced much of the misery which embittered the latter years of his reign. To satisfy her extravagance he had to levy

taxes of an odious and unbearable nature. Thus is it always with impure affection; it bears, like a scorpion, a sting that destroys others, and in the end itself.

In 1549, Margaret, the king's aunt, and sister of Francis, died. She was indisputably the most accomplished princess of the age: devoted to the love of letters, she encouraged and patronized men of genius and learning, from whom she received the flattering epithets of "the Tenth Muse" and "the Fourth Grace." She was herself an authoress, and her tales are much in the style of those of Boccaccio. Though she was sometimes so devout as to compose hymns, she was unhappily an *esprit fort*, and had even doubts concerning the immortality of the soul. Brantome, the historian, has preserved a curious story relative to the death of one of her maids of honour. She remained by the bedside of the dying lady, on whom she continued to fix her eyes with intense eagerness. When asked what satisfaction she could possibly derive from such a painful inspection, her answer marked a daring and inquisitive mind. She said, "that having often heard the most learned doctors and ecclesiastics assert, that on the extinction of the body, the immortal part was unloosed and set at liberty, she could not restrain her anxious curiosity to observe if any indications of such a separation were discernible, but could perceive none."

In 1558, Francis, the Dauphin, afterwards Francis the Second, was married in the church of Notre Dame, at Paris, to Mary, the young Queen of Scotland, the melancholy story of whose after life is so familiar to the English reader.

Henry's eldest daughter, Mary, was married A. D. 1559, to Philip of Spain; on which occasion tournaments and carousals added a martial magnificence to amusements of a gentler nature: an encounter, however, in one of these, proved fatal to the king. The lists extended from the palace of the Tournelles to the Bastile; and Henry himself had broken many lances, with more than his usual vigour and address. On the third day of the tournament, as he was retiring amid the applauses of his subjects, he observed two lances lying at the entrance to the theatre.—Seizing one of them, he ordered the other to be given to Montgomery, the commander of the Royal Scotch Guards, who thrice declined the honour, but at length accepted the challenge with extreme reluctance. The king became the more eager and obstinate, and, almost without giving his antagonist time to put himself on his defence sprung forward at him. The shock was so violent as to raise the king's helmet, and to break the lance of Montgomery; a splinter of which entered the left temple of the king, who died a few days after from the effects of the wound, on the 10th of July, 1559.

Amongst the remarkable men who flourished in

the reign of Henry the Second, Stephen Jodelle deserves particular notice, from being the first who undertook to write such dramatic pieces as have been imitated ever since, in opposition to the profaneness of the representations then in vogue, of which religious mysteries were always the subjects.

FRANCIS THE SECOND,

Ascended the throne at the age of sixteen, the queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis, being regent and governing in his name. He lived only two years; and after his death, his young and lovely queen, Mary, returned to her dominions in Scotland.

The reign of Francis was chiefly remarkable for the commencement of those animosities between the families of Guise and Bourbon, which produced in the time of his successor effects so dreadful as to leave an indelible stain upon the history of France. The bright days of Francis the First, and Henry the Second, the noble and animating contest for glory with Charles the Fifth, and Philip the Second, were succeeded by intestine confusion, rebellion, massacre, and revolt. Catherine de Medicis, like an evil genius, mingled and embroiled all ranks and parties; and the spirit of civil discord and religious frenzy seemed almost to extinguish every sentiment of humanity, patriotism, and virtue throughout the once honourable and chivalrous realm of France.

Francis, Duke of Guise, and his brother the Car-

dinal of Lorraine, had the confidence of the king and the interest of the queen-mother: Anthony of Bourbon, King of Navarre, and Louis, Prince of Condé, his brother, were opposed to these noblemen; and thus two rival and powerful factions were formed, which, for several years, kept the kingdom almost in a state of civil war. The Bourbons patronized the then increasing but unpopular Huguenots. Coligni, Admiral of France, and D'Andelot, his brother, both of them proselytes to Calvinism, embraced the Bourbon party, and adhered to it to the end.

Severities against the professors of the reformed religion were carried on at Paris to a cruel extent Du Bourg, a man of distinguished talents and erudition, was strangled, and his body consumed to ashes. At length the Calvinists began secretly to unite for their common preservation. A large body of them attacked the most malignant of their enemies, the Guises, in the castle of Amboise; but were discomfited, and the greater number either killed in the encounter, or hanged afterwards. Not fewer than 1200 suffered under the hands of the executioner. The streets of Amboise ran with blood; the Loire was covered with floating carcasses; and all the open places were crowded with gibbets. Villemongey, one of the principal conspirators, being led to the scaffold (already covered with the bodies of his friends,) imbrued his hands in their blood, and holding them up, exclaimed, "Behold, righteous judge!

the innocent blood of those who have fought for thy cause. Thou wilt not leave it unavenged." Catherine, her three sons, and the chief ladies of the court, beheld from their castle windows, as a diversion, the horrid and sickening spectacle presented by the town, and were present at many of the executions.

Through the overwhelming influence of the Guises, the Prince of Condé was imprisoned and sentenced to lose his head. Apprehensive that his brother, Anthony of Bourbon, would revenge his death, they determined upon his assassination. The weak and misguided king was to be made the instrument of one of the basest and foulest murders that had ever been devised. It was agreed that he should command the attendance of Anthony in his own cabinet, the Guises being present; when, feigning to have discovered new proofs of his treasonable practices, he should reproach him in the severest manner. As they naturally expected he would reply warmly, they meant to take advantage of the circumstance, and despatch him in the confusion, under the pretence that he had threatened the life of the king. Anthony was informed of the plot; but finding himself completely in the power of the Guises, resolved to prepare himself for the worst, and to dispute his life with his sword when attacked. "If they kill me," said he to one of his faithful gentlemen, "carry my shirt all bloody to my wife and son; they will read in my blood what they ought to do to avenge it." Anthony

accordingly obeyed the king's order, and entering the apartment where he was seated, approached him, and kissed his hand with profound submission. Softened by this behaviour, and affected by his presence, the king changed his resolution, and omitting to give the sign previously agreed on, at which the surrounding attendants were to fall upon him, permitted him to withdraw. It is added, that the Duke of Guise, finding his project abortive, exclaimed, in a voice full of indignation, "Oh, le timide et lâche enfant!"

Amid these intrigues and cabals, Francis the Second died, A. D. 1560. His character has been given by Voltaire in two lines:

> Foible enfant, qui de Guise adorait les caprices,
> Et dont on ignorait les vertus et les vices.

The crown descended to his brother

CHARLES THE NINTH.

The death of Francis set at liberty the Prince of Condé; who, with a courage and magnanimity becoming himself, refused to quit his prison till he knew who had been his prosecutors and accusers: but no person dared to avow himself as such. The Guises declared, that every step had been taken by the late king's express and particular command.

Charles was but ten years and a half old when he ascended the throne; and the annals of nations do not present to us a reign that produced events of a

more calamitous nature. The kingdom, from one end to the other, became involved in all the worst horrors of civil war; until the dreadful night of St. Bartholomew, stained with blood and veiled in darkness, completed one of the most frightful pictures that the imagination can conceive. This bloody tragedy stands unparalleled in the history of mankind; its atrocity has never been equalled; and, even after a lapse of three centuries, it is impossible to recur to it without shuddering.

The civil wars, of which religion (a religion far different from that of its patient and long suffering Founder) formed the leading pretext, were commenced by the massacre at Vassey, in Champagne. A dispute arose between the Huguenots and some domestics of the Duke of Guise, which the duke himself endeavoured to check; but in the attempt he was severely wounded by a blow on the cheek from a stone. His attendants immediately attacked the Huguenots, and killed or wounded above two hundred and fifty.

The King of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, and the Duke of Guise, fell in the course of the struggles that succeeded; the duke was assassinated, the others died in battle. The Admiral Coligni was accused of being a party to the murder; and his protestations of innocence failed to satisfy the family of the Guises. The duke's eldest son, then a boy, vowed eternal hatred towards the admiral; and his revenge was satiated on the fatal night of St. Bartholomew.

In one of the subsequent battles between the Catholics and the Huguenots, fought on the plains of St. Denis, the general of the Catholics, Montmorenci, was slain. He had received four wounds in the face, and a severe one from a battle-axe, but was still endeavouring to rally his troops, when Robert Stuart, a Scotchman, said to be of the blood-royal, rode up to him and levelled a pistol at his head. "Dost thou know me?" said Montmorenci; "I am the constable of France." "Yes," answered Stuart, "I know thee well, and therefore I present thee this." So saying, he discharged a ball into the constable's shoulder, who fell; but, while falling, he dashed the hilt of his broken sword into his enemy's mouth, which fractured his jaw, and laid him senseless on the ground. Stuart was afterwards taken prisoner, and executed.

The end of the Prince of Condé had more the character of assassination, than of the death of a warrior in the field. He went into the action of Jarnac with his arm in a sling, and almost immediately had his leg broken by the rearing of his brother-in-law's horse. Unmoved by so painful an accident, or at least disdaining to betray any unbecoming emotion at such a crisis, he coolly observed to those around him, "Learn that unruly horses do more injury than service in an army." And then continued, "Know that the Prince of Condé disdains not to give battle with an arm in a scarf and a leg broken, since you

attend him." The fortune of the day was against the Huguenots, and the prince was surrounded and taken prisoner. He was placed at the foot of a tree, covered with wounds; when a ruffian, named Montesquieu, a captain in the Swiss guards, galloped to the spot. Having been informed who the captive was; "Tuez, tuez, mordieu!" he exclaimed, and instantly discharged his pistol at the prince, who fell dead on the spot.

The actual command of the Huguenot forces devolved upon Coligni, after the death of Condé. Having achieved several victories, a peace highly to the advantage of his friends was obtained; and he was induced to dismiss his army, and assist in the government of Charles the Ninth. He received, however, repeated warnings that the seeming quiet was but a hollow truce for the purpose of gaining time to effect his destruction and that of the Huguenots, and to abolish the reformation in France, by the total extinction of the reformers. Though conscious of danger, Coligni replied, that he would rather suffer himself to be dragged through the streets of Paris than renew the horrors of civil war.

Towards the beginning of 1572, the plot of Catherine de Medicis, and her party, began to ripen. The entire destruction of the Huguenots was resolved upon; and the assassination of Coligni was determined, as a prelude to the general massacre. On the 22d of August, a man named Mourevel, selected for

that purpose, posted himself in a little chamber of the cloister of St. Germain de l'Auxerrois, near which Coligni usually passed on his way from the Louvre to his own house. As the admiral walked slowly on, perusing some papers, Mourevel, from a window levelled at him an arquebuse, loaded with two balls, one of which broke the forefinger of his right hand, and the other lodged in his left arm, near the elbow. The assassin instantly fled, and, mounting a swift horse provided for him by the duke of Guise, escaped. Coligni, without betraying the least emotion, turned calmly round, and pointing with his bleeding hand toward the window, said, "Le coup vient delà." He was taken home and his wounds dressed. The king, when informed of the affair, affected the greatest anger, and carried his hypocrisy so far as to visit Coligni in person. The Calvinist nobles called for instant justice; and one of them, at the head of four hundred gentlemen, entered the palace of the Louvre, demanding to be revenged on the assassin.

This rash step accelerated the massacre. On the evening of the 24th of August, 1572, being Sunday, and the day of the feast of St. Bartholomew, the duke of Guise went, about twilight, with orders from the court, to Charron, provost of Paris, to provide two thousand armed men; each to have a white sleeve on his left arm, and a white cross on his hat; and to direct that on ringing the bell of the palace clock, the whole city should be illuminated.

As the awful moment approached, some principles of remaining honour, some sentiments of humanity, commiseration, and virtue, which all the pernicious counsels of his mother had not been able effectually to destroy, maintained a conflict in Charles's bosom. Cold sweats bedewed his forehead, and his whole frame trembled, as if under an attack of ague. With the greatest difficulty, Catherine forced from him a precise command to begin the massacre; and, fearing he might retract his consent, she hastened the signal bell more than an hour before the concerted time. It tolled from the church of St. Germain de l'Auxerrois.

The admiral had long retired to rest, when the noise made by the assassins in forcing the gates of his house, gave him warning that his end was near. His confidential servant entered his apartment, exclaiming, "Arise, my lord, God calls us to himself!" The good and gallant Coligni sprang from his bed, and prepared himself for death. A German, named Besme, burst open the door, and stood before him with a drawn rapier in his hand. "Young man," said he, "respect my gray hairs, and do not stain them with blood." Besme hesitated a moment, and then plunged his weapon into the bosom of the unarmed and aged man; after which, his followers threw the body from the window into the court-yard, where it was anxiously expected by the duke of Guise, who contemplated it in silence, and offered it

no insult. But Henry of Angouleme, Grand Prior of France, having wiped the face with a handkerchief, and recognizing it as Coligni's, kicked the corpse, and exclaimed with brutal exultation, "Courage! my friends! we have begun well, let us finish in the same manner!"

Teligni, the son-in-law of Coligni, a youth of most beautiful person and engaging manners, was butchered in attempting to escape over the roof of the house. The fate of the Count de la Rochefoucault, too, was attended with circumstances that excited peculiar pity and indignation. He had passed the evening with the king at play; and Charles, touched with some feeling of human nature towards a nobleman whom he personally loved, ordered him to remain in his privy chamber during the night. The count, however, conceiving that it was a plan to furnish amusement at his expense, refused, and departed. "I see," said Charles, "it is the will of God that he should perish." When the officer who was sent to destroy him, knocked at his door, he opened it himself, and seeing several persons in masks, imagined that the king had come to play some youthful frolic; and as he uttered a piece of badinage, was stabbed to the heart.

The house of every Huguenot in the city was broken open, and the wretched inhabitants murdered, without distinction to age or sex. Their slaughtered and mangled bodies were thrown in heaps before

the gates of the Louvre, to satiate at once the curiosity and vengeance of the fiend Catherine and her brutal court. Even Charles gave his personal aid in the massacre; and, it is said, fired on his wretched subjects with a long arquebuse from his windows, endeavouring to kill the fugitives who sought to escape from the Fauxbourg St. Germain.

The corpse of the Admiral Coligni was treated with indignities, the bare mention of which is a disgrace to human nature. An Italian cut off the head, and carried it to Catherine de Medicis, who received it with undisguised joy. It was afterwards sent to Rome as an acceptable present to the sovereign pontiff! The mutilated trunk was thrown upon a dunghill, and subsequently hung upon a gibbet, by an iron chain attached to the feet, under which a fire was lighted, and it was scorched without being consumed. While in this condition the king went, with several of his courtiers, to gaze at it; and as the corpse smelt disagreeably, some of them turned away their heads. "The body of a dead enemy," said Charles, "always smells well."

During a whole week the system of extermination was continued, though its extreme fury lasted only two days. More than five thousand persons of all ranks, perished by various kinds of deaths, and the Seine was loaded with floating carcasses. A butcher, who entered the palace of the Louvre while the massacre was at its height, is said to have bared his

bloody arm before the sovereign, and to have boasted that he had himself despatched a hundred and fifty Huguenots.

Margaret, queen of Navarre, in her Memoirs, relates, that after she had retired to bed on the fatal night a person came to her door, and knocked violently with his hands and feet, crying out, "Navarre! Navarre!" It was opened; when a gentleman named Gersan rushed in, pursued by four archers, threw himself on her bed, and besought her to save him. With much difficulty she succeeded in preserving his life.

Orders were speedily despatched to different quarters of the kingdom, for the continuation of the inhuman butchery; and the number of slain is said to have amounted to forty thousand. Some few noble spirits refused to obey the king's mandate. One of them deserves especial mention. The Viscount d'Ortez, governor of Bayonne, though a Catholic, had the courage to send this answer to Charles: "Sire, I have read the letter to the inhabitants of Bayonne, enjoining a massacre of the Huguenots. Your majesty has many faithfully devoted subjects in this city, but not one executioner."

It is time to close the record of this diabolical act, which forms so prominent a part of the history of France, that it was impossible to omit it; yet it will have one effect that may counteract the sickening horror with which it must be read—it will induce us to thank God that we live in an age, in a country,

and under a government, whose motto is "Tolerance."

The judgment of Providence overtook the main authors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The king became a prey to disease of body and mind, and died miserably, in 1574, when only twenty-five years of age; and as he left no issue male to inherit the throne, he declared his brother, the Duke of Anjou and king of Poland, his successor.

The infamous Catherine lived until 1589, but afflicted with gout and other disorders. Various stories illustrative of her superstition are recorded. She always carried about her person cabalistical characters, written on the *skin* of a stillborn infant; and several talismans and amulets were found in her cabinet after her death. She once consulted a famous astrologer on the fortunes of all her children, and he showed her in a mirror the number of years that each would reign, by the number of turns they made. Francis the Second, Charles the Ninth, and Henry the Third, passed successively in review before her. She even saw Henry Duke of Guise, who disappeared on a sudden; and Henry the Fourth, who made twenty-four turns. This last circumstance increased the aversion she had always entertained towards that (subsequently) great monarch.

As an instance of the arrogant power assumed by Charles the Ninth, he is stated, when almost a child, to have thus addressed the Parliament of Paris:

"Your duty is to obey my orders; presume not to examine what they are, but obey them. I know better than you what the state and expediency require." This is indeed, a rare specimen of the "right divine;" nor was it the mere effect of boyish petulance; it was the spirit that uniformly animated the kings of the House of Valois. Times have changed in France.

HENRY THE THIRD

Succeeded to the crown at the age of twenty-four. He was then in Poland, having been elected king of that country about a year previously.

The King of Navarre (afterwards Henry the Fourth) deserted Henry's interest soon after his accession, joined the Huguenot party, abjured the Catholic faith, and commanded a large and powerful party against him. The king was glad to make peace on terms highly advantageous to the Protestants, who obtained the free exercise of their religion, shared the courts of justice, and several towns ceded to them as security for their rights. In consequence of the Huguenots having gained so many advantages, the Catholics became alarmed, and formed the celebrated "League," at the head of which was the Duke of Guise. But to counteract its effects, the king of Navarre succeeded in inducing the confederate princes of Germany to send an army of aid to the Huguenots.

The influence of the duke of Guise in Paris was

so great as to render the king a mere puppet, to take from him all power, and, indeed, to place him in a situation little better than that of a state prisoner. Henry attempted the destruction of the duke; and proposed to Grillon, the colonel of his guards, to rid him of the man who rendered even his life unsafe. "Sire," replied Grillon, "I am your majesty's faithful servant; but my profession is that of a soldier: I am ready, this instant, to lay down my life in your service; I will challenge the duke of Guise if you command me; but while I live I will not be an executioner." Others, however, less scrupulous were found; and it was resolved that the deed should be perpetrated on the 23d of December, 1588. On the morning of that day, the king directed the captain of his guard to double the number of soldiers; and having detained with him, in his closet, several gentlemen of tried courage, sent for the duke of Guise. The duke obeyed, rose from the fire, near which he was seated, and passed into the ante-chamber, the door of which was immediately locked after him. Seeing only eight gentlemen of the king's guard who were known to him, he proceeded to the door of the closet; and as he stretched forth his hand to open it, St. Malin, one of the eight, stabbed him with a dagger in the neck; on which the other seven crowded around him, each gave him a blow, and killed him. The brothers of the duke were instantly made prisoners, the doors opened, and all

who wished admitted. Henry, addressing them, said, "he hoped his subjects would learn to know and obey him; that having conquered the head, he should have less difficulty in subduing the members; and that he was resolved to be not nominally, but really a monarch." The cardinal of Guise was also put to death, and the bodies of the brothers buried secretly with quicklime, that no use might be made of them in inflaming the people. Such was the end of one of the most daring and ambitious men of the age in which he lived. When the report of his death reached Paris, on Christmas eve, it flew like lightning over the city; and nothing was thought of but vengeance for the murder of the favourite of the people. The college of Sorbonne voted that the sovereign had forfeited his right to the crown, and that his subjects ought no longer to acknowledge his authority. While the capital was in this state of insurrection, the king agreed to unite his forces and interests with those of the king of Navarre; and their joint armies were every where successful.

With a force of 42,000 men, the kings laid siege to Paris. At this time Jacques Clement, a Dominican friar, whether from enthusiasm or by persuasion of "the league" is uncertain, resolved upon the assassination of Henry. The Count de Brienne, who was then a prisoner in Paris, having been made to believe that Clement might be instrumental in introducing the king into the city, and entertaining no sus-

picion of his intentions, gave him letters of introduction to his majesty. On the morning of the 1st of August, 1589, the friar was conducted to his dressing-room, and having delivered the count's letters into the king's own hand, stabbed him with a knife, deep in the belly. Henry, drawing out the knife himself, struck it into the assassin's forehead.* The gentlemen of his chamber also seized him, pierced him with their swords, and threw him, still alive, over the window to the soldiers, who burnt him and scattered his ashes in the river. Henry died of this wound two days after its infliction, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, and the sixteenth of his reign, leaving no issue. When he found his strength decaying, and that he had not many hours to live, he sent for the king of Navarre and the principal nobility; exhorted the latter to acknowledge the former as their lawful sovereign; and, at the same time embracing him, said, "Brother, you will never be king of France, unless you become a Catholic." He is described as fickle, unstable, imprudent, and mean;—his name was almost universally detested; and it is added, that "no man loved him." Some historians have affirmed that he was assassinated in the very

* Sully, in relating the circumstance, says, that when Henry had received the letters from Clement, he asked him if he had given him all. "No, sire," said the assassin, "I have still one more," and instantly drew forth his knife, and stabbed him.

chamber in which was formed the resolution to execute the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

His successor, the king of Navarre, treated him with pity and generosity; and he had his reward; but if he had been absent at a distance from Paris, and not at the head of a large and victorious army under its walls, he would never have succeeded to the crown; and France would have been deprived of the boast, that at least one of her monarchs deserved the immortality he obtained.

A curious, but well-authenticated anecdote is related of the duke of Anjou, the brother of Henry the Third. In 1581, he passed over to England for the purpose of offering marriage to Queen Elizabeth, with whom he had previously corresponded, and from whom he had received money in aid of the Protestant cause in France. On his arrival in London, Elizabeth encouraged his addresses so far, that on the anniversary of her coronation, she publicly took a ring from her own finger and placed it upon his. Yet ambition and prudence triumphed over love; for after a painful struggle between inclination and duty, or—if female affection ought to be excluded—between one political plan and another, she decided against his pretensions; and having sent for him, informed him of her final determination. Indignation, disgust, and resentment agitated the disappointed duke; he threw away her ring with many imprecations, returned to the Netherlands, of which

he was governor, was subsequently expelled that country, and died in 1584.

This projected marriage was very unpalatable to her English subjects; and would have been most prejudicial to the interests of her country. A puritan, of Lincoln's Inn, wrote and published a work, entitled "The Gulph in which England will be swallowed by the French Marriage." He was apprehended, prosecuted, and condemned to lose his right hand as a libeller. Such, however, was his firmness and loyalty, that immediately after the sentence was executed, he took off his hat with his other hand, and waving it over his head, cried "God save the Queen!"

THE RACE OF BOURBON.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

With Henry the Third the race of Valois became extinct; and with Henry the Fourth that of Bourbon commenced. It is curious that the families of Capet and Valois both ended by the succession to the throne of three brothers, who all died without leaving heirs male. Henry the Fourth was descended, through nine removes, from St. Louis; and ascended the

throne in the year 1589, at the age of thirty-six. He possessed nearly all the attributes necessary to make a great and good king—a warm and generous heart, an enlarged and sound understanding, great promptitude, and unwearied activity, and a prudence and moderation which he had cultivated in the school of adversity, both in the court and camp.* He was bold and intrepid, without rashness; and his imagination and passions were, in the main, restrained by a steady judgment and a sense of duty.

Such is the fair side of the picture of "Henri Quatre," which the historians of his reign, and the immortal Sully in particular, have painted, and handed down to posterity: and so far it is just and true. But unhappily he had failings where female virtue and domestic relations were concerned, which it would be desirable, were it possible, to bury in oblivion. They not only injured his moral character and disturbed his domestic peace, but frequently marred his public and political prosperity. Alas!

* When king of Navarre, Sully received a letter from him, describing the state of absolute poverty in which he then was. "I am, says this amiable and worthy prince, in a letter to me" —thus writes Sully—"very near my enemies, and hardly a horse to carry me into the battle, nor a complete suit of armour to put on: my shirts are all ragged, my doublets out at elbow, my kettle is seldom on the fire, and these two last days I have been obliged to dine where I could, for my purveyors have informed me that they have not wherewithal to furnish my table."

for human nature! how imperfect is it even in the best of men!

At a very early age he gave signs of the future greatness of his character. The value of the fruit was betokened by the excellence of the flower. An incident, which happened in his youth, points out the spirit with which he perused Plutarch, and the conclusions he drew from this author. Henry was about eleven years old; and the lives of Camillus and Coriolanus had just been read to him. La Gaucherie (his tutor) asked him which of the two heroes he wished most to resemble. The young prince, charmed with the virtues of Camillus, who forgot his revenge to save his country, not only gave him the preference, without a moment's hesitation, but blamed the wrath of Coriolanus, who, deaf to the entreaties of his countrymen, carried fire and sword into his native land, to satisfy his vengeance. Repeating the the exploits of both the Romans, Henry extolled the generosity of Camillus, as much as he execrated the crime of Coriolanus. La Gaucherie seeing him thus inflamed, said to him, "You also have a Coriolanus in your family;" and related to him the history of the Constable Bourbon, telling him that this great, though persecuted man, made use of his talents to serve the cause of Charles the Fifth, the most bitter enemy of his king; that he returned to his own country at the head of a formidable army, carrying every where terror and desolation; and, in short,

that his implacable hatred and fatal success were almost the destruction of France. During this recital the young prince was much agitated, rose and sat down again, walked about the chamber, stamped with his feet, and even shed tears of rage, which he vainly endeavoured to conceal; at length, unable to contain himself any longer, he seized a pen, and running to a genealogical table of the house of Bourbon, that hung up in the room, erased the name of the constable, and wrote in its place that of Chevalier Bayard.

The chief and almost the only objection to Henry, on the part of the great majority of the people over whom he was called to reign was, that he had been educated a Protestant. This was aggravated by what the Catholics called a relapse. For, being on a visit to the court of France, at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, he was compelled by Charles the Ninth, as the only chance of preserving his life, to declare himself a Catholic; but on recovering his liberty, two years afterwards, he resumed his former religion, and became, as has been stated, one of the leaders of the reformed armies.

The Huguenots, on whom the king had hitherto chiefly depended, were now comparatively few, and possessed of little power. He was therefore under the necessity of receiving the crown at the hands of his Catholic subjects, and compelled to consider his Protestant advisers more in the light of personal

friends, than as acknowledged ministers; from whom, although he honoured and loved them in private, he was forced in public to withhold that appearance of confidence and esteem which would have created dangerous jealousy on the part of their rivals.

Among the most affectionate of his friends, the most faithful of his servants, and the most able of his Protestant counsellors, was Rosny, Duke of Sully, to whom posterity is indebted for the principal records of his reign, and the most interesting anecdotes of his private character and court.

The leading nobility of France were, like the mass of the people, attached to the Catholic religion; and almost immediately after his accession the king found it would be very difficult, if not totally impossible, to retain his throne, should circumstances oppose them to his government. After several meetings had been held, they determined to support him on one condition only, viz., that he should renounce Calvinism, and embrace the Romish faith. The proposition was declined by Henry; and, by the connivance of the pope, the old Cardinal of Bourbon, his uncle, was proclaimed under the title of Charles the Tenth. The Duke of Mayenne was appointed his lieutenant-general, and, at the head of a very superior force, proceeded to attack Henry, against whom several battles were fought. In one of them the king was in imminent danger, and rallied his flying troops by lamenting, with a loud voice, "that in all France

there were not fifty gentlemen bold enough to die with their sovereign." This exclamation brought him immediate relief; and in the evening after the contest had ended, Henry gave it as his opinion, "that either the Duke of Mayenne was not so great a soldier as had been supposed, or that he had respectfully favoured him that day, and reserved him for a better occasion."

But a more important battle—the battle of Ivry—was fought on the 14th March, 1590; and decided the destiny of Henry the Fourth.

Having minutely inspected all the preparations for the encounter, the king, mounted on a noble bay courser, took his station in the centre of his army; and with an undaunted countenance, yet with tears in his eyes, reminded all those who could hear him, that not merely his crown, but their own safety, depended on the issue of that day. Then, joining his hands, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said aloud, "O Lord, thou knowest all things; if it be best for this people that I should reign over them, favour my cause, and give success to my arms; but if this be not thy will, let me now die with those who endanger themselves for my sake." A solemn silence and profound awe was in an instant succeeded by universal shouts of "Vive le Roi!" throughout his enthusiastic soldiery.* A signal victory was

* One account states, that Henry gave notice to begin the

gained by Henry, and he immediately marched to Paris, with a view to reduce that city to obedience. Its inhabitants, at that time, amounted to 2,300,000, besides the garrison, about 4000; and when the siege commenced, they had not provisions to last them a month. Scarcity, and then famine, were soon felt; every species of animal that could be obtained was devoured; nay, it is said, the very bones of the dead were dug from their graves, ground into a sort of flour, and formed into paste for bread! Pestilence, as usual, trod in the steps of famine; and in three months 12,000 persons perished. The generous king, imagining he might gain the affections of the besieged, sometimes permitted, and sometimes connived at the introduction of provisions; but such supplies produced a contrary effect to what he had hoped, and induced the citizens still to hold out, until the siege was raised by the arrival of the duke of Parma to their aid.

Several battles were subsequently fought, and, on the whole, to the disadvantage of Henry, who carried on the war under the ban of excommunication, and with the greater proportion of the influential nobles of the kingdom opposed to him.

The following account given by Sully of the capture of a fort during the war, is of a character more than commonly romantic:

battle, in these characteristic words: "You are Frenchmen—I am your king—there is the enemy."

"The manner in which Feschamp was surprised is so remarkable, that it well deserves a particular recital. When this fort was taken by Biron from the league, there was in the garrison that was turned out of it, a gentleman called Bois-rose, a man of sense and courage, who, taking exact observation of the place he left, and having concerted his scheme, contrived to get two soldiers, whom he had bound to his interest, to be received into the new garrison which was put into Feschamp by the royalists. The side of the fort next the sea is a perpendicular rock, 600 feet high; the bottom of which, for about the height of twelve feet, is continually washed by it, except during four or five days in the year, when for the space of three or four hours, it leaves fifteen or twenty fathom of dry sand at the foot of the rock. Bois-rose, finding it impossible to surprise, in any other way, a garrison who guarded with great care a place lately taken, did not doubt of accomplishing his design, if he could enter by that side which was thought inaccessible. This he endeavoured, by the following contrivance, to perform. He had agreed upon a signal with the two soldiers he had corrupted, one of whom waited for it continually upon the top of the rock, where he posted himself during the whole time of low water. Bois-rose, taking the opportunity of a very dark night, brought to the foot of the rock, in two large boats, fifty resolute men, chosen from among the sailors; and having provided himself with a thick

rope, equal in length to the height of the rock, he tied knots at equal distances, and run short sticks through, to support the men as they climbed. One of the two soldiers having waited six months for the signal, no sooner perceived it, than he let down a cord from the top of the precipice, to which those below fastened the cable, and by this means it was wound up to the top, and fastened to an opening in the battlement, with a strong crow run through an iron staple made for that purpose. Bois-rose, intrusting the lead to two sergeants of whose courage he was well convinced, ordered the fifty men to mount the ladder, one after another, with their weapons tied round their bodies; himself bringing up the rear, to prevent all hope of returning, which indeed soon became impracticable; for before they had ascended halfway the sea rising more than six feet, carried off their boats, and set their cable floating. The impossibility of withdrawing from a difficult enterprise, is not always a security against fear, when the danger appears almost inevitable; and if the mind represents to itself these fifty men, suspended between heaven and earth, in the midst of darkness; trusting their safety to a machine so insecure, that the least want of caution, the treachery of a mercenary associate, or the slightest fear, might precipitate them into the abyss of the sea, or dash them against the rocks; add to this the noise of the waves, the height of the rock, their weariness and exhausted spirits—it will not appear surprising, that

the boldest amongst them trembled; as in effect he who was foremost did; this sergeant telling the next man that he could mount no higher, and that his heart failed him. Bois-rose, to whom this discourse passed from mouth to mouth, and who perceived the truth of it by their advancing no farther, crept over the bodies of those that were before him, advising each to keep firm, and got up to the foremost, whose spirits he at first endeavoured to animate; but finding gentleness unavailing, he obliged him to mount by pricking his back with a poniard, and doubtless, if he had not obeyed him, would have precipitated him into the sea. At length, with incredible labour and fatigue, the whole troop got to the top of the rock a little before the break of day, and was introduced by the two soldiers into the castle, where they slaughtered without mercy the sentinels and the whole guard. Sleep delivered them up an easy prey to the assailants, who killed all that resisted, and possessed themselves of the fort."

But to return to Henry the Fourth: under circumstances of more than ordinary difficulty—circumstances, indeed, that rendered his life unsafe from day to day, either from open war, or the dagger of the assassin, and influenced by the representations of his most tried and assured friends, the king resolved to pursue a course which, however politic it may have been—however necessary it might have become, certainly detracts from his reputation, and tarnishes his

honour. One thing is certain—he was left to make his election; to decide whether he would change his religion, or relinquish his crown.* He chose the former, and the 25th of July, 1593, was the day appointed for receiving him openly into the bosom of the church. Early in the morning, he proceeded, accompanied by a large concourse of noblemen and knights, and a vast host of people, to the church of St. Denis, where he knocked at the gate. The bishop of Bourges, in his pontificial robes, asked who he was, and what he wanted? He answered, Henry, king of France and Navarre; and added, that he wished to be admitted into the Catholic church. "Do you desire this from the bottom of your heart, and have you truly repented of all your errors?" demanded the bishop. Henry fell on his knees, professed his penitence, abjured Protestantism, and swore to defend the Apostolic Catholic Church, at the

* So implacable was the hatred of the Catholics against this monarch, whom they accused of favouring the Huguenots, that the preachers were encouraged to go to any length in insulting him. One of them, Father Gonthieri, indulged in such abusive language against the king, even in his presence, that the Marechal d'Ornano said to him, if he had been in Henry's place, he would have ordered him to be thrown into the river. A capuchin, preaching at Saumur, and explaining the passage in which it is said the bystanders spat in our Saviour's face, exclaimed, "Who think you these were? they were such as those who maintain the heretics, who pay their ministers wages, &c. Yet you are for peace with them!—for my part I fear no one; I am for war."

hazard of his life. He was then seated on a temporary throne, repeated the confession of faith, high mass was celebrated; and amid the roar of cannon the "converted" king withdrew. The Papal absolution of course followed. It is certain that this change was merely nominal—a stroke of policy by which he obtained, or at least secured, the kingdom of France.

The articles which the pope required him to accept and swear to observe, in order to his absolution, on becoming a Catholic, furnish us with a general outline of the spirit of popery at this time in France. They were as follows:

That he should be subject to the authority and mandates of the holy see and the Catholic church; that he should abjure Calvinism and all other heresies, and solemnly profess the true faith; that he should restore the exercise of the Catholic religion in Bearn, and nominate bishops with suitable livings therein without delay; that he should endeavour to rescue the Prince of Condé from the influence of heretics, and place him so as that he might be instructed and edified in the Catholic religion; that the concordats should be henceforth duly observed; that no heretic should be nominated to any Catholic benefice; that the decrees of the council of Trent should be published and observed; that ecclesiastics should be relieved from all oppression, and defended against all iniquitous and violent usurpations; that the king

should so conduct himself, and especially in conferring offices and honours, as to show that he uniformly esteemed Catholics, and confided in them in preference to others; that he should say the chaplet of Notre Dame every day, the litanies on Wednesday, the rosary of Notre Dame on Saturday; should observe the fasts and other institutions of the church, hear mass every day, and high mass on festival days; and, finally, that he should make confession and communicate in public four times at least every year.

On the 26th of December, 1594, an attempt was made to assassinate the king. Being at Paris, in his apartments in the Louvre, where he gave audience to Messieurs de Ragny and de Montigny, who entered, with a great number of other persons, to do homage after their election as Knights de St. Esprit, Henry was in the act of stooping to embrace one of them, when he received a blow in the face from a knife, which the murderer let fall as he was endeavouring to escape through the crowd. The wound was at first supposed to be mortal; but the king speedily removed the apprehensions of his friends, it being immediately perceived that his lip only was wounded; for the stroke having been aimed too high, the force of it was stopped by a tooth which it broke. The traitor was discovered without difficulty, though he dexterously dropped the knife and mingled among the confused attendants. He was a scholar, named John Chatel, and on being interrogated, readily an-

swered, that he came from the college of Jesuits, confessing that those fathers were the instigators of the crime. The king having heard him, said, with a degree of gaiety which few persons could have assumed on such an occasion, "he had heard from the *mouths* of many persons that the Society never loved him, but now he had proof of it from his *own*." Chatel was delivered up to justice; and the prosecutions against the Jesuits which had been suspended, were renewed with greater rigour than before, and terminated in the banishment of the whole order from the kingdom. Father John Guignard was about this time hanged for his pernicious doctrines against the authority and life of kings.

Chatel was put to death by the most excruciating tortures, his father was also banished, and his house razed to the ground.

By the treaty of Vervins, in 1598, and the edict of Nantes, which granted to the Huguenots the right of public worship and other advantages, the realm of France was alike freed from external and internal war; and the king had leisure to supply the wants and remedy many of the evils that oppressed his kingdom, so long the prey of domestic discord and foreign invasion. His discernment in the choice of ministers was peculiarly happy. His chancellors, Chivergny and Bellievre; his secretaries of state, Jeannin and Villeroi, and the Baron de Rosny, to whom was confided the management of the finances.

were men of wisdom and integrity; and under their direction his people began to flourish, and continued to increase in happiness and prosperity.

But the king's excessive devotion to female society was certainly prejudicial to his interests, and contributed materially to ruffle the even current of his life by throwing many an obstacle in its way. Sully lays before us various pictures of the troubles in which this dangerous passion involved his royal master: one may perhaps suffice to show, that true virtue is always true wisdom, and that unlicensed pleasure is as far from real happiness, as the smooth countenance of the hypocrite or the flatterer is from honest integrity and genuine worth.

Henry's love for Mademoiselle D'Entragues, Marchioness of Vernueil, was one of those unhappy diseases of the mind, which, like a slow poison, preys upon the principles of life; for the heart, attacked in its most sensitive part, feels indeed the whole weight of its misfortune, but by a cruel fatality has neither the power nor the inclination to free itself from the thraldom: and this was the case with Henry, who suffered all the insolence, and caprices, that a proud and ambitious woman is capable of inflicting. The Marchioness of Vernueil had wit enough to discover the power she had over the king, and she never exerted it but to torment him; so that they seldom met without quarrelling. The queen, having been informed that the king had given this lady a promise

of marriage (under the expectation of a divorce), never ceased soliciting him to regain it from her. In consequence of this, Henry demanded it of the marchioness, who, upon the first intimation that he expected it to be resigned, threw herself into the most violent transport of rage imaginable, and told the king imperiously that he might seek it elsewhere. Henry, that he might finish at once all the harsh things he had to say to her, began to reproach her with her connexions with the Count d'Auvergne, her brother, and the malecontents of the kingdom. She would not condescend to clear herself of this imputed crime; but, assuming in her turn the language of resentment, told him that it was not possible to live any longer with him; that as he grew old he grew jealous and suspicious; and that she would with joy break off a correspondence for which she had been too ill rewarded to find any thing agreeable in it, and which rendered her, she said, the object of public hatred. She carried her impudence so far as to speak of the queen in such contemptuous terms, that, if we may believe Henry, he was upon the point of striking her; and, that he might not be forced to commit such an outrage on decency, he was obliged to quit her abruptly, full of rage and vexation, which he was at no pains to conceal, and swearing he would make her restore the promise that had raised this storm.

This scene affords a more useful practical lesson

than a thousand pages could possibly give. It speaks for itself, and needs no comment.

Henry certainly hoped for more from the fair sex than even we have right to expect in modern times, when so many proofs have been afforded that the "soul is of no sex."

"That I may not repent," said he to the admirable Sully, "of taking so dangerous a step, nor draw upon myself a misfortune, which is said with justice to exceed all others—that of having a wife disagreeable in person and mind—I shall require in her I marry seven perfections; beauty—prudence—softness—wit—faithfulness—riches—and royal birth!" No wonder that his minister added, "There was not one in all Europe with whom he appeared satisfied."

The Infanta of Spain he was disposed to honour, if with her he could have married the Low Countries. With Arabella of England (daughter of Charles, earl of Lennox) he would have been satisfied, had she possessed, as was reported, a right to the crown. To the German princesses he felt a decided objection, comparing them, very ungallantly, to "hogsheads of wine." Some of the princesses of France were too brown; others not of very high birth; many too young; while others were declared to be too old. In truth, the monarch was very difficult to please. But about this period he became so infatuated by the arts and beauty of the fair Gabrielle D'Estrées (the

predecessor of the Marchioness of Vernueil) afterwards created by him duchess of Beaufort, that she absolutely aspired to share his crown. Fortunately for the glory of his name, and the honour of France, the steadiness of his faithful Sully counteracted her influence; although it was not until after her death that Henry married his second wife, Mary of Medicis, daughter of the grand duke of Florence,—an extraordinary, but ambitious and unamiable woman, and one by no means formed by nature to be his wife.

Of the kindness, cheerfulness, benevolence, generosity, warmth and constancy of friendship, integrity, and, in short, of nearly all the virtues that render a man immortal even in this world, the historians of Henry the Fourth have preserved a vast number of anecdotes. The following are, perhaps, among the most interesting and characteristic.

In the midst of his family he was no longer the king, but the father and the friend. He would have his children call him "Papa," or "Father;" and not "Sire," according to the new fashion introduced by Catherine de Medicis. He used frequently to join in their amusements; and one day, when the great monarch, the restorer of France and the peacemaker of Europe, was playing on all fours, with the Dauphin, his son, on his back, an ambassador suddenly entered the apartment and surprised him in this attitude. The monarch, without moving from it, said to him, "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, have you any children?" "Yes,

sire," replied he. "Very well; then I shall finish my race round the chamber."

He was ever ready to make reparation, when the impetuosity of his temper had led him for a moment to be unjust. A certain colonel, to whom he was attached, came to take orders previous to an engagement, and availed himself of the opportunity to request payment of a sum which was due to him. The king hastily told him it was unlike a man of *honour* to ask for money when he ought to have been attending to the orders for battle. Immediately after, when Henry was ranging his troops, he went up to the officer, and said, "Colonel, we are now in the field—perhaps we shall never meet again—it is not just that I should deprive a brave gentleman of his honour—I came therefore to declare, that I know you to be an honest man, and incapable of committing a base action." Saying this, he embraced him with great affection. The colonel burst into tears, and replied—"Oh, sire, in restoring to me my honour, you have deprived me of life—I should be unworthy of your favour did I not this day sacrifice it on this field." He fell in the action.

He would frequently say, "I daily pray to God for three things: first, that he would be pleased to pardon my enemies; secondly, to grant me the victory over my passions, and, especially, over sensuality; and, thirdly, that he would enable me to make a right

use of the authority he has given me, that I may never abuse it."

He had not only a piercing and strong sight, but a very quick sense of hearing. D'Aubigné mentions an example of the latter which shows, at the same time, his pleasant humour, and the familiar manner in which he lived with his friends. "The king," said he, "was once in bed at La Garnache, in a large state chamber, and his bed surrounded with curtains and a thick frieze. Frontenac and I lay in an opposite corner of the same room, in a bed enclosed in the same manner; and speaking jocularly of the king, in as low a voice as possible, with my mouth close to his ear, Frontenac repeatedly told me he could not hear, and asked what I said. The king heard, and reproached him for his deafness, saying, 'D'Aubigné tells you that I want to make two friends by doing one good office.' We bade him fall asleep," he adds, "for that we had a great deal more to say of him."

His raillery, ever intended in good humour, was like that kind of wit which is generally agreeable, though not always delicate and safe.—Going to the Louvre, attended by a number of noblemen, he asked a poor woman, who was driving her cow, what was the price of it; and on offering her much less than its value, she replied, that she saw he was no dealer in cows. "What makes you think so?" said the king. "Ventre saint Gris! Don't you see how many calves are following me?"

When his gardener complained that nothing would grow on the soil at Fontainbleau; "Friend," said he, looking at the duke of Epernon, "sow it with Gascons; they will thrive any where."

A prelate once spoke to him about war, and, as it may be imagined, very little to the purpose. Henry suddenly interrupted him, by asking what saint's day that was in his breviary—a stroke which pointed out his bad rhetoric, and loaded him with ridicule for having talked of war before Hannibal. It has been said that his tailor, becoming suddenly a lawyer, was advised to present to the king a book of regulations and schemes which he pretended were necessary for the good of the nation: Henry took it, and having perused a few pages, which abundantly proved the folly of its author; "Friend," said he, to one of his valets, "go, and bring hither my chancellor to take measure of me for a suit of clothes, since here is my tailor wanting to make laws."

Henry read with pleasure all that was published concerning his operations; for during his reign every one enjoyed the liberty of speaking, writing, and printing his opinion; and truth, which he sought after continually, came in its turn even to the throne to seek him. One of the greatest compliments that can be paid a king is to believe him willing to listen to the voice of truth. It was a long time ago said, that unhappy must be the reign where the historian of it is

obliged to conceal his name. L'Etoile relates, that Henry having read a book called *The Anti-Soldier*, asked his secretary of state, Villeroi, if he had seen this work; and upon his replying in the negative,—"It is right you should see it," continued he, "for it is a book which takes me finely to task, but is still more severe on you." He was once desired to punish an author who had written some free satires on the court. "It would be against my conscience," said the good prince, "to trouble an honest man for having told the truth."

Henry frequently amused himself with hunting. On one occasion, while he was eager in the chase, he suddenly heard a great noise of sportsmen and dogs at a distance, and expressed much displeasure at the liberty which those persons, whoever they might be, were taking in his forest by interfering with his pastime. Soon the clamour became more distinct, and within a few paces of him and his attendants they saw a black fellow, whose huge appearance and figure astonished and overawed them: with a hoarse and frightful voice he cried, *M'attendez vous*, attend me; *M'entendez vous*, hear me; or, *Amendez vous*, reform yourself—and vanished, for neither the king nor those who were with him were certain of the words. The woodcutters and peasants assured them that this was a frequent visiter, whom they called the "Grand Hunter," and to whom they were accustomed,—though they could account for neither his appearance

or disappearance, nor for the great noise of men and dogs which invariably accompanied him.

Henry pressed De Thou to publish his history, and took this excellent work under his own protection: silencing the cabals and clamours of the courtiers and priests against it. "It is I," said this prince, in a letter he wrote on the subject to his ambassador at Rome, "it is I that have given orders for its publication and sale." He regarded the work as a monument of genius raised on the altar of veracity.

His observation to a Spanish ambassador deserves to be recorded. Being surrounded and pressed upon by his officers at court, the proud Spaniard was shocked at so much familiarity. "You see nothing here," said the king; "they press upon me much more in the day of battle."

"If I were desirous," he once remarked on the opening of parliament, "to pass for an elaborate orator, I would have introduced more fine words here than good will: but my ambition aims at something higher than to speak well."

It is not to be wondered at, that a king so beloved was frequently wearied by the compliments bestowed on him by his subjects. Sully mentions that in one of his tours through the provinces, he was tempted to take by-roads to avoid the long speeches of his "faithful people," one of whom hailing him with a repetition of such titles as "Most great, most benign, most merciful king, &c." "Add, also," said Henry,

impatiently, "most weary." Having twice told another provincial orator, that he really must shorten his speech, which the worthy man was not at all inclined to do; he hastily rose up, observing, as he quitted the room, "You must say the rest, then, to Mr. William,"—the court jester, who, in conformity with the usage of the times, always accompanied him.

The king, while residing at Fontainbleau, was one day, in the ardour of the chase, left at some distance from his courtiers and attendants: a countryman, sitting at the foot of a tree, his chin resting on his stick, accosted the king, who was passing near him, with these words, "Do you think, sir, there is any chance of our good king Henry's passing this way? I have walked twenty miles to see him." "Why, there is some chance," said Henry, "but if you could go to Fontainbleau you would be certain of seeing him there." "Ah," said the old man, "but I am so weary." "Well, then," said his majesty, "get on my horse, behind me, I will take you towards it." The countryman accordingly mounted, and, after riding some way, asked the king how he should know his majesty from his courtiers? "Easily enough," replied the king, "his majesty will wear his hat, his courtiers will be bare-headed." This satisfied him, and soon after they met the attendants, who, immediately taking off their hats, his majesty jumping off his horse, turns round to the astonished

countryman. "Truly, sir," said the fellow, "either you or I must be the king!"

The duke of Epernon, colonel-general of France, governor of Guienne, &c., died in 1644, aged eighty-eight. He was the oldest duke and peer of France, an officer of the crown of the longest standing, general of an army, governor of a province, knight of every order, and counsellor of state. He was called the king's wardrobe, because of the great number of posts he held in his household. There is recorded a very fine answer of his to Henry the Fourth, who one day in anger reproached him with not loving him. The duke, without being surprised at the king's rage, answered coolly, but with great gravity, "Sire, your Majesty has not a more faithful servant than myself in the kingdom. I would rather die than fail in the least part of my duty to you; but, Sire, as for friendship, your Majesty well knows that is only to be acquired by friendship." The king happily knew how to admire great sentiments, as well as great actions; and his indignation was converted into esteem.

But the best and greatest of monarchs, as well as the meanest of his subjects, must in time submit to the mandate of a greater king than he. Death cannot be bribed by riches nor awed by power; and Henry the Fourth was summoned to follow his predecessors to the grave, long before, according to the ordinary course of nature, his people might have looked for this event, or been satisfied that it was time for him

to throw off the cares of government, rid himself of the troubles and anxieties of life, and be at rest.

The narrative of his death is a more than usually sad one, and has been detailed with minute accuracy by several historians, and only differing in some minor points: it took place on the 14th of May, 1610.

Francis Ravaillac, a native of Angouleme, of low birth, educated a monk, by profession a schoolmaster, and afterwards a solicitor or inferior law agent, had come to Paris, for what end is not clearly ascertained. Under a religious melancholy zeal for the old or new league, and being without any associates, he might either have devised the plot himself, and come of his own accord to execute it; or been inveigled into it by wicked and designing men, who had discerned the fitness of his temper for their plan: but being repulsed in his first attempt to reach the king's person, he returned again to Angouleme. Here, however, he was unable to rest: and animated by zeal, by frenzy, or by whatever cause, internal or external, he came back to Paris to perpetrate the execrable deed.

In the afternoon, about four o'clock, of the 14th, agitated and sleepless, the king, hoping to find more rest for his mind in the activity of his body, proposed to visit Sully at the arsenal, and to see, as he passed, the preparations making at the Bridge of Notre Dame and at the Hotel de Ville, for the ceremony of the queen's entry into the city, which was to take place the next day. In the coach went with

him from the Louvre, the Duke of Epernon, who sat on the same side with him, and the Duke de Montbazon the Mareschal de Lavardin, Roquelaine la Force, Mirabeau, and Liancour. The carriage passing from the street St. Honoré into that of Ferronerie, was prevented from proceeding by a cart on the right loaded with wine, and one on the left loaded with hay. The attendants on foot went forward by another passage, intending to be ready to join it as soon as the carts had moved. Ravaillac, ever on the watch, seized this moment: he observed the position of the king; and mounting on the hind wheel, with his knife struck him on the left side, a little below the heart. His majesty had just then turned towards the Duke d'Epernon, and was reading a letter; when, feeling himself struck he exclaimed, "I am wounded!" At the same instant the assassin, perceiving that the point of his knife had been stopped by a rib, repeated the blow with such quickness, that not one of those who were in the coach had time to oppose or even to notice it. After the second stroke, which pierced the heart, the blood gushed from his side and mouth, and the king expired, murmuring, it is said, in a faint and dying voice, "It is nothing." The murderer aimed a third stab, which the Duke d'Epernon received in his sleeve.

The lords who were in the coach got out instantly, but with such precipitation, that they hindered each other from seizing the regicide; who, however,

glorying in the infernal deed, stood, uncovered, ostentatiously brandishing the reeking knife in his hand.

The death of their beloved monarch was for many hours concealed from his people, who were led to believe that he was only wounded. But when it was known throughout Paris that he was certainly dead, the whole city presented a scene of which it is impossible for language to give an adequate description; some became insensible through grief; others ran frantic about the streets; and it appeared as if every living being within its walls had suffered the severest domestic calamity—as if some child or parent had been torn from the heart of each family—so universal and deep was the mourning for the king, who was, in truth, "the father of his people."

Such was the fate of Henry the Fourth, in later times denominated the Great—in the fifty-eighth year of his age, the thirty-eighth of his reign as King of Navarre, and the twenty-first as King of France. By his first wife, Margaret of Valois, he had no children; by his second, Mary de Medicis, he left three sons and three daughters.

The dreadful scene that followed the murder of the king, is recorded as one of the most horrible cases of punishment that was ever inflicted by a judicial court upon any human being—however heinous his guilt.

On the 17th of May, the trial of Francis Ravaillac commenced: the great object of his judges was to induce him to confess who were his accomplices—as

it was generally believed, that there were many implicated in the murder. Suspicion rested chiefly on the Jesuits. To the very last, however, the assassin persisted in declaring that he had neither counsellor nor abettors in the crime—that he committed it without communicating his intention to any one—that he did it because he had heard the king intended to engage in a war against the Pope, and because he conceived himself called by Omnipotence to remove him out of the way of the Catholics.

On the 27th of May, the court met and issued the following order:

"We, the presidents and several of the councillors being present, the prisoner Francis Ravaillac was brought into court, who having been accused and convicted of the murder of the late king, he was ordered to kneel, and the clerk of the court pronounced the sentence of death upon him, as likewise that he should be put to the torture, to force him to declare his accomplices; and his oath being taken, he was exhorted to redeem himself from the torments preparing for him, by acknowledging the truth, and declaring who those persons were that had persuaded, prompted, and abetted him in that most wicked action, and to whom he had disclosed his intention of committing it."

He said, "By the salvation I hope for, no one but myself was concerned in this action." He was then ordered to be put to the torture of brodequin. On

the first wedge being driven, he cried out, "God have mercy upon my soul, and pardon the crime I have committed! I never disclosed my intentions to any one." This he repeated as he had done in his interrogation. When the second wedge was inserted, he vociferated, with loud cries and shrieks, "I am a sinner; I know no more than I have declared by the oath I have taken, and by the truth which I owe to God and to the court. I beseech the court not to force my soul to despair." The executioner continuing to drive the second wedge, he exclaimed, "My God, receive this penance as an expiation for the crimes I have committed in the world! Oh God! accept these torments in satisfaction for my sins! By the faith I owe to God, I know no more than what I have declared. Oh! do not force my soul to despair!" The third wedge was then driven lower, near his feet, at which a universal sweat covered his body, and he fainted away. The executioner put some wine into his mouth, but he could not swallow it; and being quite speechless, he was released from the torture, and water thrown upon his face and hands.

He soon recovered, and was led out to execution, amid the execrations of the enraged populace, who would have torn him in pieces, if he had not been protected by a large guard. On the scaffold the tortures again commenced.

On the fire being put to his right hand, holding the knife with which he had stabbed the king, he

cried out, "Oh, God!" and often repeated, "Jesu Marie!" While his breast, &c., were being torn with red-hot pincers, he renewed his cries and prayers; during which, though often admonished to acknowledge the truth, he persisted in denying that he had any accomplices. The furious crowd continued to load him with execrations, saying, that he ought not to have a moment's respite: afterwards, melted lead and scalding oil were, in turn, poured upon his wounds, which made him shriek aloud, and pour forth doleful cries and exclamations.

He was then drawn by four horses for half an hour, at intervals. Being again questioned and admonished, he persisted in denying that he had any accomplices; while the people of all ranks and degrees, both near and at a distance, continued their exclamations, in token of their grief for the loss of the king. Several persons set themselves to pull the ropes with the utmost eagerness; and one of the noblesse, who was near the criminal, alighted from his horse, that it might be put in the place of one that was tired with pulling. At length, when he had been drawn for a full hour by the horses without being dismembered, the people, rushing on in crowds, threw themselves upon him, and with swords, knives, sticks, and other weapons, they struck, tore, and mangled his limbs, and violently forcing them from the executioner, dragged them through the streets with the

greatest rage, and burnt them in different parts of the city.

From this horrid scene the reader will turn with disgust. It is, however, well to preserve it, in order to show how completely justice may sometimes act the part of a butcher, and forget decency, in the desire to satiate vengeance. The case is almost without parallel, and must be regarded as a blot upon the page of history, which neither provocation nor policy could ever justify.

By those who knew him best, Henry the Fourth was most beloved. The able and excellent Sully, who, on account of his religion, could not be admitted into any order, instituted one for himself. He wore about his neck, and more especially after the death of Henry the Fourth, a chain of gold or diamonds, to which was suspended a large gold medal, exhibiting in relievo the figure of that great prince. He used often to take it out of his bosom, stop and contemplate it, and then kiss it with the utmost reverence, and he always carried it about his person while he lived.

Sully records an extraordinary instance of the union of amazing talents with as amazing depravity. "Old Servin (a nobleman of the court) came to me," he writes, "and presented his son, begging that I would use my endeavours to make him a man of some worth and honesty; but he confessed it was

what he dared not hope; not through any want of understanding or capacity in the youth, but from his natural inclination to all kinds of vice. His father was in the right. What he told me, having excited my curiosity to gain a thorough knowledge of young Servin, I found him to be at once both a wonder and a monster; for I can give no other name to that assemblage of the most excellent and most pernicious qualities united in him. Let the reader represent to himself a man of a genius so lively, and an understanding so extensive, as rendered him scarcely ignorant of any thing that could be known; of so vast and ready a comprehension, that he immediately made himself master of whatever he attempted; and of so prodigious a memory, that he never forgot what he had once learned. He possessed a knowledge of philosophy and the mathematics, particularly fortification and drawing. Even in theology, he was so well skilled, that he was an excellent preacher, whenever he had a mind to exert that talent, and an able disputant either for or against the reformed religion. He not only understood Greek, Hebrew, and all the languages which we call learned, but also all the different jargons, or modern dialects; which latter tongues he accented and pronounced so naturally, and so perfectly imitated the gestures and manners both of the several nations of Europe, and the particular provinces of France, that he might have been taken for a native of all or any of these countries;

and this quality he applied to counterfeit all sorts of persons, wherein he succeeded wonderfully. He was, moreover, the best comedian and greatest droll that perhaps ever appeared; he had a genius for poetry, and had written many verses; he played upon almost all instruments, was a perfect master of music, and sung most agreeably and justly: he likewise could say mass—for he was of a disposition to do as well as to know all things. His body was perfectly well suited to his mind: he was light, nimble, dexterous, and fit for all exercises; he could ride well; and in dancing, wrestling, and leaping, he was admired; there are not any recreative games that he did not know, and he was skilled in almost all mechanic arts. But now for the reverse of the medal. Here it appeared that he was treacherous, cruel, cowardly, deceitful; a liar, a cheat, a drunkard, and a glutton; a sharper in play; immersed in every species of crime; a blasphemer, an atheist; in a word, in him might be found all the vices contrary to nature, honour, religion, and society; the truth of which he himself evinced with his last breath; for he died in the flower of his age, wholly corrupted by his debaucheries, and with the glass in his hand, cursing and denying God."

Another anecdote, of a very different nature, Sully relates of himself.

"Entering one day," he says, "without any attendants, into a very large chamber, I found a man

walking about it very fast, and so absorbed in thought, that he neither saluted me, nor, as I imagine, perceived me. Observing him more attentively, every thing in his person, his manner, his countenance, and his dress, appeared to me to be very uncommon. His body was long and slender; his face thin and withered; his beard white and forked; he had on a large hat which covered his face; a cloak buttoned close at the collar; boots of an enormous size; a sword trailing on the ground; and in his hand he held a large double bag like those that are tied to saddle-bows. I asked him, in a raised tone of voice, if he lodged in that room, and why he seemed in such a profound contemplation. Affronted at the question, without saluting me, or even deigning to look at me, he answered me rudely, that he was in his own apartment, and that he was thinking of his affairs, as I might do of mine. Although I was a little surprised at his impertinence, I, nevertheless, requested him very civilly to permit me to dine in the room; a proposal which he received with grumbling, and which was followed by a refusal still less polite. That moment, three of my gentlemen pages, and some footmen, entering the chamber, my brutal companion thought fit to soften his looks and words, pulled off his hat, and offered me every thing in his power. Then suddenly eyeing me with a fixed look, asked me, with a wild air, where I was going? I told him, to meet the king. 'What, sir!' he replied,

'has the king sent for you? Pray tell me on what day and hour you received his letters, and also at what hour you set out?" It was not difficult to discover an astrologer by these questions, which he asked me with invincible gravity. I was farther obliged to tell him my age, and to allow him to examine my hands. After all these ceremonies were over; 'Sir,' said he, with an air of surprise and respect, 'I will resign my chamber to you very willingly; and, before long, many others will leave their places to you less cheerfully than I do mine.' The more I pretended to be astonished at his great abilities, the more he endeavoured to give me proofs of them—promising me riches, honours, and power." The astrologer then withdrew; and our author heard, or at least says, nothing farther about him.

The annexed illustrates Sully's own character. "One day," he observes, "when a very fine ballet was representing at the theatre, I perceived a man leading in a lady, with whom he was preparing to enter one of the galleries set apart exclusively for females. He was a foreigner; and I easily distinguished of what country, by the swarthy colour of his skin. 'Monsieur,' said I to him, 'you must seek for another door, if you please; for I do not imagine that with such a complexion you can hope to pass for a fair lady.' 'My lord,' answered he, in very bad French, 'when you know who I am, I am persuaded you will not refuse to let me sit among those fair ladies;

since, swarthy as I am, my name is Pimentel; I have the honour to be very well acquainted with his majesty, who often plays with me.' This was indeed, too true; for this man, whom I had already heard often mentioned, had gained immense sums from the king. 'How! ventre de ma vie! said I to him,' affecting to be extremely angry, 'you are then that fat Portuguese who every day wins the king's money? Pardieu! you are come to a bad place; for I neither like, nor will suffer such people to be here.' He attempted to speak, but I would not listen to him. 'Go, go,' said I, pushing him back, 'you shall not enter here; I am not to be prevailed upon by your gibberish.' The king afterwards asked him how he liked the ballet, saying, he thought it was very fine, and the dancing exquisite. Pimentel told him he had a great inclination to see it, but that he met his grand financier, with his negative front, at the door, who turned him back. He then related his adventure with me; at which his majesty was extremely pleased, and laughed at his manner of telling it; nor did he afterwards forget to divert the whole court with it."

Mademoiselle de Scudery flourished in the reign of Henry IV., and died in 1601. According to the dictum of phrenologists, she must have had the organ of imagination "strongly developed," for the celebrated Monsieur Costar says, "that out of her own head she composed *eighty volumes!*"

In her "Conversations," in which much knowledge

of the world is displayed, the following passage occurs concerning dedications, which is so curious, that we make no apology for transcribing it. "There was a certain writer who had three dedicatory epistles to the one book, for three persons very different in rank and merit, with a view of making use of that which could be turned to the best account, and a third person negotiated the matter. As things happened, he dedicated the book to the best bidder, but the worst man. Another, who now rests from his labours, had prepared a dedication, or rather a panegyric; but the subject of it losing his places before the book was printed, it was suppressed.—It is well known, that a certain country author came to Paris, with a very elaborate dedication to Cardinal Richelieu; but, finding him dead on his arrival, he evinced his dexterity by modelling it into a panegyric on the queen, Mary of Austria. There was another, who, after highly, and as justly, commending a living person, gave an opposite turn to all he had said, because the individual died before he had rewarded the author in a manner commensurate with his fancied merit. Yet I think neither of these came up to the artifice of one Rangouza, who, having printed a collection of letters without paging or order, save the bookbinder's directions, so to arrange them, as that each person to whom a copy of the volume was presented should find his own first, and taking precedence of all others; which could not but be bountifully rewarded, as being

a very flattering distinction. These letters were justly termed *golden letters;* for the author boasted that, one with another, they brought him near thirty pistoles each."

So much for the dedications of those days. Mademoiselle de Scudery, we may remark, obtained the title of the Sappho of her age.

Lewis Birto Crillon, a gentleman of Avignon, as remarkable on account of the peculiarities in his temper as his intrepidity, which had procured him the name of Dreadnought, having been sent to the Duke of Guise after the reduction of Marseilles, the duke resolved to try his courage, and agreed with some gentlemen to give a sudden alarm before Crillon's quarters, as if the enemy had taken the place; at the same time he ordered two horses to the door, and going up into Crillon's room, told him all was lost; that the enemy were masters of the post and town; that they had forced the guards, and broke and put to flight all those that opposed them; that finding it impossible to resist any longer, he thought it was better for them to retreat than, by suffering themselves to be taken, add to the glories of the victory; that he had therefore ordered two horses to be brought, which were ready at the door, and desired he would make haste, for fear they should give the enemy time to surprise them. Crillon was asleep when the storm began, and was hardly awake whilst the Duke of Guise was saying all this to him; however, without being at

all disconcerted by so hot an alarm, he called for his clothes and his arms, saying, they ought not, on too slight grounds, to give credit to all that was said of the enemy; and even if the account should prove true, it was more becoming men of honour to die with swords in their hands, than to survive the loss of the place. The Duke of Guise not being able to prevail on him to change his resolution, followed him out of the room, but when they were got halfway down stairs, not being able to contain himself any longer, he burst out laughing, by which Crillon discovered the trick that had been played upon him; he thereupon assumed a look much sterner than when he only thought of going to fight, and squeezing the Duke of Guise's hand, said to him, swearing at the same time, "Young man, never make a jest to try the courage of a man of honour; for hadst thou made me betray any weakness, I would have plunged my dagger into thy heart!" and then left him without saying a word more.

The reign of Henry the Fourth has occupied many pages; but it is, without doubt, the most remarkable, interesting, and important, of the History of France, and therefore well merits the space devoted to it.

LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH

Ascended the throne of France in 1610, at the age of nine years, the queen-mother, Mary de Medicis,

holding the reins of government as regent of the kingdom during his minority.

The duke of Sully, deeply afflicted and distressed by the assassination of his friend and master, and suspecting that he might be equally obnoxious to the contrivers of the murder, immediately shut himself up in the Bastile, of which he was governor. He had not only received many warnings that his life was in danger, but after he had actually set out to wait upon the queen, Vitri, the captain of the guard, met him, and counselled him to return. It had required many messages, by persons of the highest rank, who assured him that his fears were groundless, to induce him to pay the visit; and his reluctance so to do might, perhaps, have been the chief cause of the neglect with which he was subsequently treated. He solicited and obtained permission to retire to his castle of Sully, on the Loire, and died at the advanced age of eighty-two, in December, 1641.

The young king, on his bed of justice, according to established custom on such occasions, confirmed the queen-mother in the regency.

In the year 1611, negotiations were carried on for the union of Louis with the Infanta of Spain; and the duke of Mayenne was sent as ambassador to that country. The marriage articles were signed, and the princess addressed as Queen of France. After some days, the duke, being about to return home, asked her if she had any commands for the king, his

master, now her betrothed husband. "Tell him," said she, "that I am impatient to see him." This answer appearing indelicate to the Countess of Altamira, her governess; "what," said she, "will the king of France think of a princess so ardent for marriage?" "Have you not taught me," replied the Infanta, "always to speak the truth?"

The two great favourites and advisers of the queen-regent were Leonora Galigai and her husband, Conchini, who had followed the queen, on her marriage, from Italy into France. The latter became first lord of the bed-chamber, and both amassed great wealth under the protection of their mistress. Conchini was courted by the nobles in the most servile manner, and was created Mareschal D'Ancre. At length, becoming every where hated for his arrogance and cupidity, he determined on quitting France with the money he had collected. The inhabitants of Paris were, at this period, in a state of insurrection, mounted guard on their gates, and allowed no person to pass in or out without a passport; consequently, the Mareschal D'Ancre, when he attempted to leave the city in his carriage, was stopped by force. "Villain," said he to Picard, a shoemaker, then officer of the guard, "do you not know me?" "That I do," replied Picard, firmly, and with somewhat of contempt; "but you shall not go by without a passport." Subsequently, however, he obtained an order of egress from the commissary, and sent his groom and two

valets to beat the shoemaker. They executed their commission so unmercifully, that the unfortunate man almost died under their hands; they were, however, immediately arrested, and in a few days hanged at the very gate where the affair took place. The Mareschal, finding he had not power enough to save the lives of his servants, made another effort to leave France; but his wife refusing to accompany him, he remained, and engaging in several cabals to regain the influence he had lost, his death was resolved upon by the nobles, with the consent of the young king, who dreaded and disliked him. Vitri, the captain of the guard, agreed to accept the office of assassin. On the mareschal's entering the Louvre in the morning, as usual, Vitri seized him by the arm, saying he was his prisoner. The mareschal was surprised, and struggled; other attendants of the guard instantly advanced, and shot him dead with their pistols, then stabbed the corpse with their swords, and kicked it with their feet. His wife was afterwards charged with having meditated the death of the king, and being subjected to a mock trial, was condemned and executed.

The power of the leading nobles became altogether overbearing; and the king was little better than a cipher in the state, his youth and natural imbecility rendering him unable to limit or control their influence. As an evidence of the weakness of the government, it is stated that two soldiers of the guards fought a duel; the one killed the other; and the sur-

vivor was apprehended and imprisoned in the abbey of St. Germains. The colonel-general demanded that he should be tried by a court-martial; and, on being refused, broke open the prison and took him away by force. A complaint having been laid before parliament, the colonel-general was cited to appear, and answer for his conduct. He obeyed, but came attended by six hundred gentlemen, and a large body of his guards. The parliament was intimidated, and instantly adjourned, several of the members being insulted by the soldiers as they passed out.

A long and unprofitable war with Spain; a severe persecution of the Huguenots; domestic differences between the nobles who sided with the favourites of the queen, and those who took part with the monarch—form the leading features of the uninteresting reign of Louis XIII.

By the advice of his most influential minister—the celebrated Cardinal Richelieu, who determined on the entire subjugation of the Huguenots in France—in the year 1627 proceedings were taken against them. The Huguenots themselves, often dissatisfied and restless, furnished the king with frequent and plausible reasons for the course which was subsequently pursued. The people of Rochelle in particular had given much cause of complaint. In 1621, they appeared in open arms against his authority; and for some time refused all attempts at accommodation, although advised to accept terms by their an-

cient and tried friend Du Plessis Mornay. When this excellent and accomplished man was offered a sum of 100,000 crowns to surrender Saumur, of which place he was governor, into the hands of the king, he returned an answer which deserves to be recorded:—"I might have had millions," said he, indignantly, "if I had preferred riches to honour and a good conscience." In 1627, the Rochellese were again in arms to maintain their rights and liberties, having received encouragement from England, and been assisted with ammunition and provisions by the celebrated duke of Buckingham, the favourite minister of James I., and afterwards of his son Charles. The French army blockaded the city, and endeavoured to reduce it by famine. The besieged became greatly distressed, but resolved to endure all privations and sufferings rather than surrender. The mayor, Guiton, a man of superior understanding and extraordinary courage, animated his fellow-citizens by his words and conduct to submit to any extremity in preference to abandoning their civil and religious liberties. When he accepted the office of chief magistrate, which he did with reluctance, shortly before the commencement of the siege, holding a poniard in his hand, he said, "I take the office of mayor, since you insist upon it; but I do it on condition that I shall be allowed to plunge this dagger into the heart of him who shall first propose to surrender the city,—not excepting myself from this doom; for

which purpose, the weapon shall lie on the table of this public hall, in which we are now assembled." Some time afterwards, one of his friends pointed out to him a person dying of hunger. "Are you surprised at this?" said Guiton; "it will be the fate of both you and me, unless our friends are able to succour us." And again, when he was told that all the people were dying, he replied, coolly, "Well, be it so; it is enough if one shall remain to secure the gates." After having endured almost incredible sufferings, Rochelle, however, did surrender on capitulation; but not without its defenders having been guarantied personal security, the protection of property, and the free exercise of their religion within the city. When the besiegers entered it, the contagion arising from the number of unburied dead made it unsafe for them to move along the streets; the survivors having been so exhausted, languid, and careless, that they had neither strength nor spirit to inter those who had perished; in fact, they were themselves mere walking skeletons. Above 15,000 persons died of famine or pestilence during the thirteen months the siege lasted. The submission of all the other Protestant towns and fortresses shortly followed. Richelieu was himself present before Rochelle.

The Cardinal possessed the most unlimited control over Louis. He even went so far as to procure the imprisonment of the queen-mother in Compiegne,

and surrounded the king with his creatures and his spies.

It was artfully and successfully argued by him and his minions, that the kingdom could not be safe while the queen-mother was permitted to cabal in the very cabinet; they therefore resolved to place her, at least for a time, at a distance from the seat of government. On the 23d of February, Louis went away early to hunt, and left Mary de Medicis under a guard in Compiegne: even there, Richelieu thought her still too near Paris; and requests, entreaties, nay threats, were employed to prevail upon her to remove to Angers or Moulins; but she positively refused to change her situation, unless she were forced: at last, however, she proposed of her own accord to go to Capelle, on the frontiers, whence she hoped easily to pass into the Spanish Netherlands. On her arrival there, being refused admittance, she wrote the following letter to the king, her son: "As my health declined daily, and the Cardinal seemed determined that I should die in prison, I thought it necessary, to save my life and my dignity, to accept the offer made me by the Marquis de Varde, to take refuge in Capelle, of which he is governor, and where your power is absolute. I resolved, therefore to go thither; but when within three leagues of that place, two gentlemen, sent by the Marquis, informed me that I could not enter the city, as he had no longer the charge of it, having committed it to his father. I leave you to judge of my distress,

thus disappointed, guarded by cavalry, destitute of a residence, and forced to retire from your dominions. The whole treatment which I have received, I have now discovered, from the testimony of those employed as subordinate agents, is the device of the Cardinal to urge me to this extremity." She then proceeded to Brussels, where she was most courteously received by the Archduchess Isabella; and where, at a distance from her personal friends, she could no longer annoy the minister nor distract the councils of the kingdom.

She remained in comparative ease for some years, till the commencement of the calamities in Great Britain, in 1641, when she quitted the Netherlands, hoping to obtain refuge and support, in her destitute state, in England, with her daughter, Queen Henrietta, the wife of Charles the First; but she found both Henrietta and her husband too deeply involved in their own distresses to afford her any relief or assistance. They introduced her, however, to the French ambassador, Bellievre, and joined her in entreating him to represent her homeless and dependent state to the king, her son; and to plead with him to receive her back to his court, or at least to make due provision for her support and protection; she engaging to reside any where in France that he might be pleased to appoint, and to live quietly, not intermeddling in public affairs, or giving occasion of uneasiness or trouble to any of his ministers. Bellievre refused to interpose for he was prohibited from holding intercourse with

her: but at the same time that he made her believe he would do nothing, he sent an account of this interview privately to the cardinal and found he was still implacable. The king and queen of England themselves wrote in her behalf; and were assured in answer, that to receive her into France would be to endanger the state; that the malcontents would naturally resort to her; and that such was her temper, she could not refrain from encouraging them: finally, it was recommended to her to retire into Florence, where her son promised to make a suitable provision for her: to this she would not agree, but went to Cologne, where she lived in comparative indigence until she died, an event which took place on the 3d of July, 1642.

The next object of the cardinal was to humble so completely the Parliament of France, as to make it the mere machine by which the king's orders were executed. The court of Aides of Paris, however, acted with some show of spirit, in opposing the absolute power of Louis and his imperious minister; for the Comte de Soissons having intimated to them that he should attend the court at a certain hour, in the name of his majesty, in order to have a money edict registered; when the time came, the court was deserted by the whole of its members, and no person was left either to receive the count or to register the edict. Richelieu was offended, the court was threatened, and purchased pardon at the expense of honour

A special civil commission, in place of a military order, was, in 1632, granted for the trial of the Mareschal Marignac, who was charged with high crimes and misdemeanors in the conduct of the army, and who had certainly been guilty of some peculations usually connived at in other officers. His real offence, however, was, that during Louis's illness at Lyons, he had advised the queen-mother, if the king died, to apprehend Richelieu and his friends, and to deal with them as circumstances might direct. After his trial had begun, the judges were suspected of acting too leniently; the court was therefore dissolved, and another appointed, of such a nature as to render the conviction of the accused certain. They proved the charge, and, after diligent search, found an old law, which declared peculators liable to punishment in body and goods (*confiscation de corps et de biens*). This they interpreted to mean death and confiscation; and Marignac was condemned by thirteen judges out of three and twenty. He was beheaded almost immediately after, at the age of sixty years.

The foregoing and other anecdotes of a similar nature, sufficiently prove that, at this period of French history, liberty and public virtue had fled, and that arbitrary power had fixed its iron throne in the kingdom.

It is not to be supposed that the arrogant churchman was without enemies among a people, many of

whom retained the bold and uncompromising love of freedom which had been so general during the reign of the great and good Henry IV. The Duke of Orleans, brother to the king, and the Comte de Soissons, resolved on the destruction of the cardinal: they only hesitated whether it were better to undermine him with the king, and so to ruin him publicly, or to remove him by private assassination; and finally determined on the latter. They employed four of their own domestics who were to be ready, on a certain signal, to put him to death. On the dismissal of the council, the two princes were to detain him in conversation, at the foot of the stairs, after Louis was gone. They did so; the men stood ready, only waiting for the sign. But, instead of giving it, the duke, feeling himself extremely agitated, ran up stairs, and the count, not knowing his motive, allowed Richelieu to retire in safety. In 1642, however, a more fatal conspirator against his life made his appearance—one whose arm cannot be stayed either by force or cunning. He was taken suddenly ill of a fever, and was informed that within twenty-four hours he must die. In the fifty-eighth year of his age, and the eighteenth of his ministry, he departed this life, having declared, during his last moments, that "he forgave his enemies," of whom he had many, "as freely as he hoped for the Divine forgiveness."

Richelieu was one of the most remarkable men of the age in which he lived. Ambitious, proud, irrita

ble, and domineering, he presents to posterity the true picture of a Romish priest, who considered that every thing should be subservient to the interests of the church, and that the end always sanctified the means. Dissimulation was so much employed by him, that it seemed systematic and natural: yet he was seldom deceived himself, except by those who flattered him;—and with flattery he was never satisfied, unless it became hyperbolical. Although not learned, he patronised, or at least affected to patronise, learned men; not, it was asserted, from any real love towards them, but because such patronage added to his reputation, gratified his vanity, and gave him eclat. An anecdote is related of him, which, if true, places his character in a very mean light. When Corneille, the great French dramatist, published "The Cid," it was translated into all the languages of Europe, besides those of Slavonia and Turkey. Richelieu sent for the author, and offered him any sum he might demand, if he would permit him to be considered the author: Corneille preferred fame to riches, and refused: for which, it is said, the ambitious priest never forgave him. He was, however, subsequently obliged to concur in public opinion, and settled a pension on the poet.

Louis XIII. died A. D. 1643, leaving behind him no very favourable reputation. His great defect was indecision of character, which rendered him timid, reserved, and unsocial. Two descriptions of persons

became absolutely necessary to him—one to govern the country, another to amuse him; and it is but reasonable to suppose, that the latter was invariably supplied by the former. Richelieu treated him, in some respects, like a child; and terrified him into submission by threatening to leave him, or by depicting to him, in glowing and exaggerated colours, the dangers to which his kingdom was exposed. Louis feared rather than loved the cardinal; yet sacrificed every thing, even his own mother, to that statesman's will.

The weak and childish king was fond of all kinds of show and ceremony; and of surrounding himself with idle and useless, but gaily-dressed youths. It is related in Sully's Memoirs, that he once sent for his father's excellent minister, from his retirement, to appear at court. The order was obeyed.

"Monsieur de Sully," said Louis to him, "I sent for you, as being one of the chief ministers of the king, my father, and a man in whom he placed great confidence, to ask your advice, and to confer with you upon some affairs of importance." The Duke of Sully seeing none but young courtiers about the king, who ridiculed his dress and the gravity of his manners, made this answer: "Sire, I am too old to change my habits but for some good cause. When the late king, your father, of glorious memory, did me the honour to send for me, to confer with me upon matters of importance, the first thing he did was to send away the buffoons." The king seemed not to

disapprove of this freedom; he ordered every one to withdraw, and remained for some time alone with M. de Sully.

Of the literary men who flourished during the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, the most distinguished after Richelieu himself—whose fame, however, was owing to his wealth and station—and Corneille, were Malherbe, De Thou (the historian), Pasquier, and the philosopher Descartes.

Of these eminent and highly-gifted individuals, a few anecdotes cannot be considered out of place.

Corneille gives the following, as a history of himself, to his friend M. Pellisson:

> En matière d'amour je suis fort inégal;
> J'en écris assez bien, et le fais assez mal,
> J' ai la plume féconde, et la bouche sterile;
> Bon galant au théâtre, et fort mauvaise en ville,
> Et l'on peut rarement m'écouter sans ennui
> Que quand je me produis par la bouche d'autri.

Of Malherbe, who flourished in Henry's reign, it is said, that one day a lawyer of high rank brought him some verses to look at, adding that a particular circumstance had compelled him to write to them. Malherbe having looked over them with a very supercilious air, asked the gentleman whether he had been sentenced to make those damnable verses, or to be hanged?

Steven Pasquier was a lawyer, no less celebrated for his honesty than for the singularity of his reli-

gious opinions. A print of him was published without hands; the oddity was explained by an epigram, the substance of which is, "How! Pasquier without hands?" "Yes, ye griping lawyers, to indicate how strictly I abstained, as the law enjoins, from fleecing my clients. Would to God you could be shamed out of your rapacity!"

M. de Thou had the most modest diffidence of himself, and the most gentle bearing of any man of his time. The English estimated his history so highly, that by an Act of Parliament, a set of booksellers, who were preparing a very correct and fine edition of it, were exempted, in that work, from the usual duties on paper and printing. The following method of furnishing a table, related by him, is very curious:

"In a journey," says M. de Thou, "which I made into Languedoc, I paid a visit to the bishop of Mende, at his delightful seat in that province, who treated us rather with the splendour of a nobleman than the simplicity of an ecclesiastic. We observed, however, that all the wild fowl wanted either a leg, a wing, or some other part. 'Why,' said the prelate, merrily, 'it does not look very elegant, indeed; but you must excuse the greediness of my caterer, who is always for having the first bit of what he brings.' Upon being informed that his caterers were no other than eagles, we expressed a desire to be informed of the method of their service; which our friend

accordingly did. The eagles build their nests in the cavity of some high steep rock, which, when the shepherds discover, they erect a little hut at the foot of the precipice, to secure themselves, and watch when the birds fetch prey to their young; and as the moment they deposite the game in their nest they fly off in quest of more, the shepherds run up the rocks with astonishing agility, and carry it away, leaving some entrails of animals instead, that the nests may not be forsaken. In general, before the plunderers reach the nest, the old or young eagles have torn off some part of the bird or animal; which is the reason why the bishop's luxuries appeared in so mutilated a state: the quantity of game, however, amply compensates for the defect, as the lord and lady eagle always choose the best the fen, forest, or hill afford."

A nobleman, who was very ignorant, being at the same table with Descartes, and seeing him eat of two or three nice dishes with pleasure—"How!" said he; "do philosophers meddle with dainties?" "Why not," replied Descartes; "is it to be imagined that the wise God created good things only for dunces?"

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH

Ascended the throne of France on the 14th of May, 1643, at the age of five years. By the will of his father, the queen-mother, Anne of Austria, was appointed regent during the minority, but under the direction and control of a council of regency, consisting of the

Duke of Orleans, the Prince of Condé, Cardinal Mazarin, Pierre Seguier, chancellor, Bouthillier superintendent of finance, and Chavigné his son. The kingdom, although in a state of internal peace, still continued to be oppressed with a foreign war. Spain and Austria were at this time her enemies. In 1648, however, chiefly by the exertions and valour of the celebrated Mareschal de Turenne, a treaty was concluded at Munster in Westphalia, between France and Austria, which left her Spain only to contend with The peace was a seasonable relief to France, for she was then agitated and distracted by internal factions, and the commencement of actual hostilities at home, which originated in the metropolis and even in the parliament itself. The profusion of the late as well as of the present court had led to the imposition of several new and heavy taxes, at a time when the state necessities required a decrease rather than an increase of the public burdens. Parliament had again and again protested against the impolitic course pursued; but it was always compelled, either by persuasion or threats, to register the money edicts and give them the authority of law. At length the chambers united in a powerful combination against the government; and the spirit by which they were animated naturally spread itself among the people, who assembled tumultuously in various parts of the city, and ultimately prepared themselves for a well-arranged and vigorous plan of insurrection.

The government and the parliament shortly came to an open rupture; the latter proceeded to stop the issues of money, and the former to vent its indignation on the persons most obnoxious to the court. In the end, however, the king and his ministers found themselves under the necessity of making some concessions; but they availed themselves of the very earliest opportunity to intimidate the opposition, called (it is not clearly ascertained why) Frondeurs, and to bring them completely under subjection to the authority of the crown. With this view, Cardinal Mazarin, then the most influential minister of the king, seized and imprisoned Pierre Broussel and the Sieur de Blancmesnil, two of the most zealous and turbulent of the party, and the most prominent champions of the people. The consternation of the citizens soon changed to fury. They rushed in thousands to the palace, demanded the liberation of the prisoners, and loudly threatened vengeance upon all by whose authority they had been confined. The queen, at first, regarded these proceedings as of little consequence; but the coadjutor of Paris, Paul de Gondi—afterwards the Cardinal de Retz—expressed a different opinion, and offered his services to go and pacify the mob. "The people are only dangerous," said the queen, "in the eyes of such as wish them to be so." "Would to God, Madam," replied the coadjutor, "every one would speak to you with as much sincerity as I do. I deplore the dangerous state of the public, who are

my flock, and I am alarmed for the consequences to your Majesty's authority and government." De Gondi was then requested to endeavour to appease them; and he partially succeeded: but on his return to court, his reception was so cold, and, as he considered, so ungrateful, that he retired to devise the means of a more serious conspiracy, of which he determined himself to be the secret head. He was a man utterly without principle, but bold and eloquent, and looked on the factious as powerful tools in the hands of him who could acquire and use them. By the aid of several subordinate agents, such a system was formed and understood that a signal was sufficient to raise, arrange, and arm, the whole population of Paris The queen imprudently resolved to prohibit the parliament from assembling; and for that purpose ordered the commissioners to go in procession through the streets. The people were thus roused to acts of violence; and three companies of the guards were sent to disperse them: the coadjutor then issued his orders, the alarm-drum was beat, every agent was at his post; and one of them, named Argenteuil (a gentleman of rank, disguised as a mason), at the head of a large body of citizens, attacked the soldiery, killed several, took from them their standard, and put them to flight; and within two hours, the whole city was in open rebellion.

Under these circumstances, the parliament resolved to go in a body to the palace to request the

liberation of their members, Broussel and Blancmesnil, and to insist on knowing the name of the person who had advised their apprehension and imprisonment. This latter resolution was evidently aimed at Cardinal Mazarin. Accordingly two hundred and fifty of the members set forth from their several chambers, cheered as they passed along by the people, who exclaimed, "Fear not the court; we will protect you." They were received by the king, the queen, the duke of Orleans, the cardinal, &c. The first president stated their request freely and eloquently, and urged the necessity of yieding to the demands of one hundred thousand men in arms, enraged beyond measure, and prepared for the execution of any excess. The queen, naturally proud and intrepid, although she perceived the danger, refused to submit. "The remedy of the evil was," she said, "in the power of those who had created it; for her part she would persevere in maintaining inviolate the authority committed to her on behalf of the king."

They then retired: but a part of them, strongly impressed with the imminent risk to all parties—themselves, the city, the court, and the kingdom, returned and renewed their importunities. The cardinal at last promised to liberate the prisoners, Broussel and Blancmesnil, on condition that the parliament would discontinue their political meetings, and confine themselves entirely to their civil functions. This proposal requiring to be considered, and the greater part of the

members being of opinion that their deliberation and judgment would not be held free and valid without retiring from the court to their own hall, they resolved to go thither. When the people saw them returning, and understood that they had not succeeded, they murmured, hardly allowing them to pass the first and second barricadoes; but when they came to the third (*à la croix du terreur*), a journeyman cook, named Roguenet, advanced with two hundred men, and putting his halberd to the first president's breast, "Return traitor," said he; "obtain for us the liberation of Broussel, or fetch us the chancellor and the cardinal as hostages, until he shall be liberated, or else submit to a violent death." He added, "Go, assure the queen, that if within two hours she shall not have satisfied the people, two hundred thousand armed men will present themselves before her, tear the cardinal in pieces in her presence, and set her palace on fire." These menaces were accompanied with so many insults and daring outrages, that the greater number of the members threw themselves among the multitude, and escaped. The first president stood his ground intrepidly, until he had rallied around him a considerable body, with which he went back to the palace. Having again obtained an audience, he represented with earnest eloquence the obstacles they had encountered, which had forced them to return and the necessity imposed on them to insist on the queen's compliance with the wishes of

the people. She was unmoved; but the Duke of Orleans, and even the cardinal, with the other courtiers present, becoming alarmed, intreated her to yield, and to grant willingly that which it appeared she would soon be obliged to concede. "Then," said she, "if necessity compels me, I must consent. Go, and take such steps as the crisis requires." The *lettres de câchet* were immediately written out, and shown to the crowd. But now they refused to move until Broussel was produced before them; and in this state they remained until he arrived, which was on the following day. Then, by order of parliament, the barricadoes instantly fell; the shops were opened; and the whole city became orderly and quiet.

But although the people were satisfied, the principles of discord remained in the breasts of those by whom the opposite parties had been ruled and guided. The cardinal was determined upon vengeance; and the coadjutor, on consulting his own safety, by procuring the death or banishment of his leading and most powerful adversary.

After several hostilities, and a variety of propositions and treaties on both sides, however, a peace was concluded between the government and the people; and, in 1650, Cardinal Mazarin was condemned to perpetual banishment, declared an outlaw, and all his property confiscated to the state. There was, however, no sincere reconciliation; all parties were equally suspicious and fearful; and disorder

every where prevailed. Matters were in this unsettled and dangerous state, when, the king being fourteen years old, was declared of age, and took into his own hands the reins of government. One of his first acts was the recall of the old minister Mazarin, a measure that produced another collision between the monarch and the parliament. The latter was instantly in a blaze; they denounced the cardinal as guilty of high treason; declared him an outlaw; and offered a sum of 15,000 livres to any person who would bring him before them alive or dead. Mazarin, however, succeeded in passing the Loire, and joined the court at Poitiers, where a large royalist army had been assembled. The country was now in a state of civil war, and a number of battles were fought; but owing chiefly to the skill and valour of the Mareschal de Turenne, who commanded the troops of the king, and the indecision and want of unanimity among the rebels, the current of public opinion rapidly changed, and Louis was invited to return "to his good city of Paris." The invitation was accepted; the coadjutor—now the Cardinal de Retz—was imprisoned, and his successful rival, Mazarin, triumphed. In the year 1660, this ambitious and extraordinary man died.

Soon after the death of the Cardinal Mazarin, an event of a very inexplicable nature occasioned much conversation and conjecture throughout France:—A person, evidently of distinction, was conveyed to

a small island (*l'île de Sainte Marguerite*) where he was confined in the most rigid manner, although treated with the greatest consideration. This prisoner was compelled always to wear an *iron mask*, so contrived that it was not necessary to displace it when he either ate or drank, and his attendants had strict orders to kill him, if at any time he attempted to remove it. After a period he was taken to the Bastile, where every luxury was provided for him, and every attention paid him consistent with secrecy and security. He was particularly fond of fine linen and splendid lace, and played agreeably on the guitar. He was apparently young, and of a pleasing and noble figure, and his voice sweet and melodious. Such was the respect shown him that even the governor of the Bastile seldom seated himself in his presence. This wonderful unknown died in 1703; and was buried at night in the parish of St. Paul's. What renders the circumstance still more incomprehensible is, that when he was sent to the Isle of St. Marguerite, no person of rank was missed throughout Europe. Nevertheless, he was strictly a prisoner of state; and a little incident that occurred while he was on the island clearly shows that he was anxious to communicate the secret of his captivity. The governor of the castle always placed his dinner on the table with his own hands, and having secured the apartment, left him to himself. The prisoner scratched some words on one of the silver plates with his

knife, and flung it out of the window towards a boat that was moored under the castle. A simple fisherman picked up the plate, and conveyed it to the governor, who immediately inquired if he had read what was written on it, and whether any one had seen it in his possession. The man replied, that he could not read, and that no one had seen it. The governor having ascertained that he spoke the truth, dismissed him, saying, that his ignorance was his greatest blessing. M. de Chamillart was the last person intrusted with the fearful secret, and it is believed that he faithfully carried it to his grave. Of course conjecture was busy on the subject: and many shrewd guesses were given as to who "the man with the iron mask" could be. To the present hour, however, it has never been ascertained. The most plausible opinion is, that he was a twin brother of the king; and that, to prevent domestic strife, he had been kept in secrecy and security from the time he was born.

The termination of the life of Mazarin may be considered as the commencement of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth.

From this period he resolved to be his own minister; and when the Archbishop of Rouen, then president of the French clergy, desired to know to whom he was now to address himself on subjects connected with the church; "Address yourself to me," said the king; "I will take care you shall soon have an answer." The character of the mo-

narch underwent a sudden, but total change : day after day his people beheld vigour and perseverance in the cabinet, a condescending attention to the petitions of his subjects, and a general attention to all matters connected with the government. His ministers were men of talent, experience, and integrity ; and improvements of every kind were gradually introduced into the various departments of the state, the army, and the courts of justice. Louis, however, was not satisfied with the moderate exercise of power ; he studied to render it absolute, regardless alike of policy and law.

Although at war with Germany, and several other most powerful states of Europe, he continued to augment his territory and increase his power. The campaign of 1675 was rendered, unhappily, memorable by the death of Turenne, a general of the highest ability and moral worth. Having obtained some advantages over the enemy at Wilstat, cut off their communication with Strasburg, and compelled them to retreat, he immediately prepared to attack them in such a situation as appeared to render their destruction inevitable.

He rose very early the next morning, heard mass and communicated, and continued to observe the movements of the enemy. While breakfasting under a tree, he was informed that their troops were in motion : he instantly mounted his horse, and while reconnoitering, a ball struck him on the stomach, and

killed him. It was impossible to conceal his death, which spread universal consternation over the camp, and rendered the officers and soldiers equally incapable of action. Every one seemed as if he had lost a friend and a father.

The enemy, who had begun their retreat, now returned to their station without fear; and might, in their turn, have attacked the dispirited French army with great advantage.

The generals by whom he was succeeded were divided in opinion as to what course they ought to pursue, and resolved at last to abandon their stores at Wilstat, and to retreat across the Rhine. They were pursued by the foe, who fell upon their rear. The engagement became general, and the French were finally victorious, with the loss of about 3000 men; but they killed 5000 of the enemy, and made 2500 prisoners. They continued their retreat, however, and were followed by the imperialists into Alsace.

The death of Turenne at so critical a moment suddenly changed the state and spirit of the French armies, and was severely felt all over the kingdom. Louis was greatly afflicted, not only on account of personal respect and confidence, but because he had no other general competent to supply his place. Turenne was about the middle size, and well proportioned; his hair was of a chestnut colour; his features regular; his eyes prominent; his forehead large; his eyebrows thick and almost joined together. His ge-

neral expression was modest, serene, and thoughtful having that mixture of kindness and severity which it is difficult to paint. He was considered ambitious in his youth; but, as he advanced in life, that passion was moderated by prudence and a sense of propriety. He was always generous; and though he had commanded armies above thirty years, he might be said to have left no money. Such was his integrity, that not only his own countrymen, but foreign states, knew that they could trust in him if he only pledged his word; for he was cautious in his promises, and strict in performing them. He possessed that sensibility which led him promptly to enter into others' feelings, and made him anxious to relieve them. Soldiers and officers equally respected him. He endeavoured to keep them always moderately employed; for he said, that unless he occupied them in something good and proper, they would employ themselves in something improper.

As far as it was possible, he prevented the injury of his enemies; and when they fell into his hands, he treated them with consideration and kindness. Amidst the many temptations to provocation and resentment, incident to the course of a long military life, he maintained such an equanimity and self-government that he was scarcely ever known to utter an offensive word.

His meekness and patience, his justice and temperance, were so great, as to indicate a spirit and prin-

ciples far above those of mere reason and nature; and he is represented as pious towards God, as well as benevolent to men. Such was the character of the Mareschal de Turenne, alike honourable to his country and to humanity, and the portrait is one that ought to be preserved—well would it be if all great generals resembled it.

The war continued until the year 1678, and was then terminated by the treaty of Nimeguen. As soon as Louis was at peace with foreign powers, he commenced, or rather revived, a bitter persecution of the Calvinists. About the beginning of his reign they are said to have amounted to two millions and a half of souls—being rather above a twelfth of the whole population of France; but it is calculated that the persecutions they suffered in his time reduced them to one half that number! Many thousands of them were massacred; six thousand were driven out of the kingdom; they emigrated in immense parties; and the rovocation of the edict of Nantes—which took place in 1685, completed their destruction. In the days of their prosperity they had 626 churches, and 647 ministers. They had a college at Montauban; and in consequence of some trifling quarrel between them and a party of Jesuits, which the latter magnified into an affair of the most alarming importance, the town was severely punished—about 300 families being expelled from their homes in the middle of win-

ter, and in a rainy season peculiarly unfavourable for travelling.

Milhaud, the chief city of Rouergue, suffered a similar persecution, occasioned by a dispute with the Capuchin missionaries settled there. On the 10th of February, 1663, these missionaries assaulted a funeral procession of the Reformed, endeavouring to prevent it; and they provoked the mourners to force their way by violence. Informations were lodged against the latter, with false and aggravating circumstances; and orders were immediately issued to punish them and their party with the most unmerited severity. Some were hanged, others subjected to the *amende honourable*, the minister was banished, several women were whipped, and a fine of 14,000 livres imposed on all of the reformed religion in the city. It would be tedious to describe a number of similar cases, which show the increased and determined spirit of persecution that reigned in the courts, and the extent and violence to which it was carried over the country. The sick were vexed with the officious visits of monks and priests, requiring them to acknowledge the Catholic faith, and to die in it; children were enticed or stolen from their parents to be educated as Catholics; and 300 churches were shut up, without either provocation or form of justice. The half-parted chambers, that is, the courts of justice, in which the Reformed sat in equal numbers with the Catholics in judgment, were suppressed; and the Reformed now

referred for the decision of their affairs to courts in which their enemies were the only judges. The consequence was, that in almost every trial, judgment was given against them as heretics. They were deprived of all offices, civil and military; their religion excluding them from every situation of authority and emolument. After the year 1680, they were not even allowed to practise any branch of the medical profession, and their traders, artificers, &c., were prohibited from masterships. There was an evident determination to deprive them not only of the honours, offices, and comforts of society, but of the very means of subsistence; to make life a burden to them; and so to compel them to become Catholics or quit the country.

Those that remined in Vivarès and Dauphiné, exasperated by the various hardships to which they were exposed, became impatient and reckless of life, and rose in arms against their immediate oppressors. But, without a leader and without discipline, what availed their temporary resistance? Some hundreds of them were slain, and the sufferings of the survivors rendered the more severe. The insurrection gave occasion to the court to believe that an armed force was necessary, and dragoons were accordingly quartered on the reformed families over all the provinces. The king fancied that the mere appearance of soldiers would subdue the spirit of the people, and terminate all opposition to the authority

and prevalence of the Catholic church. He was not aware that persecution for religious belief confirms, instead of eradicating, the peculiar sentiments of the persecuted; and this dragoonade, for so it was called, while it miserably oppressed the Protestants, inflamed their resentment, and increased their hatred of both church and state.

Some of the clergy, usually, either a bishop or a curate, attended the soldiers, with authority to inflict any punishment, short of death, on recusants. Many died of their sufferings; many also attempted to escape; but the frontiers were guarded, and they were driven back, cruelly disappointed.

These horrid scenes took place before the misery of the Calvinists had been completed, and their hopes extinguished, by the revocation of the edict of Nantes; after this event, the sole object of their oppressors was to root them altogether out of the land. It is only wonderful that they did not succeed to the fullest extent; for, although above a million of the persecuted Protestants sought refuge in other countries, a considerable number remained, notwithstanding their dreadful situation.

It is said, that the revocationof the edict of Nantes was chiefly owing to the influence possessed by Madame de Maintenon over the mind of the king; and the suspicion that such was the case has thrown a slur over the memory of this excellent woman. It is, however, very unlikely that the charge has any

foundation in fact. The edict was revoked only two months after her marriage with the king, when it is scarcely probable that she would have displayed so much zeal in political or ecclesiastical affairs. It is certain that she was a rigid Catholic; but the whole tenour of her life is opposed to the idea that she could carelessly or with satisfaction behold the sacrifice of so many lives, or listen to the groans of persecuted and miserable thousands, without taking a course the very opposite to that alleged against her by her adversaries. Indeed, her letters afford abundant evidence that her object was to lessen and not increase the wretchedness of those among whom she had once lived, and with whom were many of her earliest and dearest associations.

A sketch of the life of this amiable and accomplished lady, to whose advice and assistance Louis was unquestionably indebted for much of the greatness and prosperity by which his reign was distinguished, may be fitly introduced here. Frances d'Aubigné, daughter of Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, was born on the 27th of November, 1635, in the prison of Niort, in which her mother had shut herself up with her husband. On her father's liberation, he set out with all his family for America, where he had claims to considerable property. During the voyage, Frances became so ill, that she was thought dead, and was about to be lowered into a watery grave, when signs of life were discovered, and she was preserved.

For some time they lived prosperously in Martinique; but on the death of Theodore, his wife and children were left totally destitute. The mother returned to France, and, after some time, her daughter, now about seven years of age, was sent to her, and was received by Madame de Vilette, her father's sister, and brought up by her in the Protestant religion; but was afterwards, by the influence of her mother and another relation, boarded with the Ursuline nuns at Niort, and became a Catholic. On the decease of her mother, when she was about sixteen, she married the Abbé Scarron, a canon of Mons, who was neither young nor rich, handsome nor healthy, but humpbacked and gouty: he, however, possessed an inexhaustible fund of humour, kept a good table, and saw much company.

The deformity of this celebrated wit did not prevent him from imagining that he was made for "ladye love;" and fond as he was of laughing at others, he never could bear to be laughed at. The following anecdote illustrates both his foibles:—one morning he received a letter, purporting to come from a female of extraordinary beauty, who was captivated by his wit, and longed to tell him how much she admired him, appointing a spot where she would meet him; this place was a tremendous distance from Scarron's house, but he was too vain of the invitation to decline it, and accordingly he posted thither at the set time. He had no sooner quitted home, than a second note was left at his house, apologizing for the

delay, and fixing another time for the interview; a second disappointment succeeded, then a third, and even a fourth; when at last he discovered the cheat, he was never known to mention the name of the author afterwards without an imprecation.

When he was dying, his friends shed many tears, and uttered great lamentation. Scarron beheld the scene unmoved, only observing, "You will never cry for me so much as I have made you laugh."

Meantime, his wife, taking advantage of the opportunities of conversation which she enjoyed with him, had cultivated a knowledge of the ancient, and several of the modern languages; and her conduct during the nine or ten years that she lived with this decrepid and infirm man, was most dutiful and exemplary. At his death she was left with very scanty means of subsistence, and repeatedly applied, by petition, to the king for the pension which her husband had received during his life, but without success.

The queen-mother gave her an annuity of 2000 livres, which ceased after three years, on her death. Being in great want, she entered a convent of Ursuline nuns; but this retirement by no means excluded her from the world, and she occasionly mingled in the most respectable and agreeable society. She was offered an appointment to educate some children of high rank in Portugal, and had agreed to the proposal, when she was introduced to Madame de Montespan, then in high favour with Louis. In her interview

with that lady, she had occasion to mention the repeated refusal of her petition by the king, which now rendered it necessary to leave her country for a comfortable subsistence.

Madame, struck with her beauty, and pleased with her animated and interesting conversation, told her she must not form such a resolution; and added, that if she would draw up a new petition and give it to her, she would present it to his majesty with her own hand. "What," exclaimed Louis, when the petition was presented to him, "the widow Scarron again?" but he listened to the urgency with which it was supported. "Her ancestors," said the favourite, "ruined themselves in the service of your ancestors." The pension was granted, which enabled the widow to live comfortably, and to devote her time to retirement and to religious and mental improvement. But she was not allowed long to enjoy this seclusion and leisure. Madame de Montespan, considering her ability and merit, knew no person so well qualified for the care and education of the royal children; and after Madame Scarron had repeatedly declined the charge, Louis himself condescended to propose it to her; she consented, and entered on a laborious but important employment, watching with unremitting anxiety, night and day, over his young family. She was one morning surprised by a visit of the king, while with one hand she was supporting the Duke de Maine, with the other holding his younger brother

the Count de Thoulouse on her knee, and rocking an infant sister in the cradle with her foot. Delighted with the sight, Louis ordered her 100,000 francs, and raised her pension from 2000 livres to 2000 crowns. About this time Madame de Sevigné wrote the following account of her to her daughter:—"We supped last night with Madame Scarron; we found it very pleasant to accompany her, about midnight, to the farther end of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, very near Vaugirard, in the country, into a fine large house, situated by itself. She has extensive gardens, and spacious and elegant apartments. She has a carriage, horses, and servants; and dresses richly but modestly, just as becomes a woman who passes her life with people of quality. She is amiable, good, beautiful, and unaffected. Her conversation is very agreeable."

In 1674 she was invited to reside at court, to devote herself to the care of the children of Madame de Montespan. She complied with the request, although the situation was by no means agreeable to her. It is said that the king at first disliked her, and was in the end won more by her modesty and amiability than by her beauty and talent for conversation. As a proof of his esteem, Louis presented to her the estate of Maintenon, which name from that time forward she assumed. When calumnies were circulated against her reputation, Louis himself was the first to point out and expose their falsehood.

On the death of the queen, which happened in the

year 1683, Madame de Maintenon's situation became very embarrassing. The king required her constant attendance: she saw the strength of his attachment and was not destitute of reciprocal regard and tenderness; but she was aware of her critical circumstances and continued steadfast to her principles. This virtuous firmness as well as her marriage with Louis, have been questioned; and there is circumstantial evidence, only to prove the fact, no public record or private documents of it existing. The ceremony is said to have taken place in 1685, in presence of the Marquis de Montchevreuil, Louvois and Bontemps, of Harlay de Chanvalon, Archbishop of Paris, of Father de la Chaise;* and that one of the last two performed the service. As all present appear to have been bound to secrecy, there would of course be no public record of it. Indeed, St. Simon informs us, that in those times there were no registers kept of such transactions. She herself left no trace of it; but destroyed all letters and papers whatsoever that had the least reference to it; and is said only once to have betrayed the secret. "She went," says Beaumelle, "to visit the convent of the Grand Carmelites, where queens alone have a right to enter. Before admitting her, the superior said, 'You know our rules, madam, and yourself can best decide whether I should open the gate to you.' 'Open,' said she, 'my good mother;

* Voltaire says that Louis was induced to marry her by the advice of this Père.

y ou may always admit me.'" The circumstances of e idence are, her great circumspection and prudence in her conduct toward him during the life of the queen, and her open familiarity with him afterwards, from the supposed date of her marriage, when she lived with him, not as a mistress, but in all respects as a wife; add to which, the uniform esteem, intimate friendship, and high respect, which he showed her, in a manner very different from the attentions he ever paid to any mistress, and the continuance of his attachment, and confidence in her during the remaining thirty years of his life. Her affection and respect were equally uniform and constant: she watched with solicitude over his health, governed his family, and presided as a queen in his court. She repeatedly attempted to have the marriage declared, and Louis would have yielded to her solicitation, but for his pride. Several of his courtiers knew this to be his weak side, on which they might most successfully attack him; and on the first surmise of his intention, besought and persuaded him to desist. Louvois, especially, put him in mind of a solemn promise which he had made never to publish the marriage, and expostulated with him on the indignity which would be done to his own character, and to the honour of his family and kingdom: he even threw himself on his knees, and presenting a hilt of a dagger to the king, said, "Kill me, that I may never see you dishonour yourself in the eyes of all Europe." Harlay Bossuet,

and Fenelon, those dignitaries of the church whom he most respected, concurred in the same opinion and remonstrance, and he was confirmed by them in his original resolution. But his attentions to her were unremitting, and rather increased as they both advanced in life. He was almost constantly in her chamber, even during the transaction of state business: in the public walks their carriages went abreast, that they might converse together; and when the king was on foot, he walked by the side of her chair, with his head uncovered, frequently stooping to hear what she said; for he seemed always in conversation with her. Such attentions showed a high degree of respect and esteem; and as it was uninterrupted and unabated to the end of his life, it could not be the love of a mistress, but the relation and duties of a husband to an estimable woman and a wife. She died three years after him, on the 15th of April, 1718.

But previously events had occurred in England, in which France was, to some extent, involved. The Prince of Orange (William the Third) had been called to the British throne by the almost unanimous voice of the people; and James the Second was obliged to consult his safety in flight: the queen and her infant the Prince of Wales, having been sent away some time before, arrived at Boulogne; whence she despatched the following affecting letter to the King of France.

"A fugitive queen, bathed in tears, has exposed

herself to the dangers of the sea, to obtain consolation, and an asylum from the greatest and most generous monarch of the world. In her destitute state she shall find with him an enjoyment, which others in the most prosperous circumstances have sought with avidity. The necessity of resorting to it diminishes not its value in her estimation, since she has preferred it to every other expedient and place of refuge. She confides to the protection of his majesty the Prince of Wales, the most precious remnant of her fortune, and most tender object of her affection. He is too young to be sensible of the kind and gracious protection afforded to him, or to join her in acknowledging it; but the sentiments of gratitude glow warmly in a mother's heart, and already alleviate somewhat the bitterness of her sorrows."

The Marquis de Beringham was instantly despatched with royal carriages to conduct the queen and her son to St. Germain, which was suitably furnished for their reception. On the 5th of January, 1689, the king was informed of the king of England's arrival at Ambleteuse, and immediately sent a suitable deputation to welcome him.

He had received the queen, and embraced her infant with the greatest tenderness: he had presented her with the key of a small box, containing 6000 pistoles, and had lodged her, with every comfort in his power to bestow, in the Chateau of St. Germain. Next day he went to visit her, and was conversing

with her, when the arrival of her royal husband was announced.

Louis went immediately out and received him at the gate. James fell down on his knees before him, but he instantly raised and embraced him most tenderly, led him to the chamber of his queen, and presenting him said, "There is a man whom you will be most happy to see." After introducing to him the princes of the blood, he took leave of him for that day, requesting him to visit him next day at Versailles. There he was received with equal attention and respect by all the royal family. Louis resolved to give him 50,000 crowns, to furnish, in the mean time, whatever he might require, and to settle on him 50,000 francs a month. Such conduct was equally becoming a good man and a great king.

In the mean time the war with the Emperor Leopold was renewed; and it gave rise to acts on the part of Louis, that no motive of policy or expediency can ever justify.

The king, with a view to prevent the enemy from attaining the means of subsistence, resolved to ravage and burn the Palatinate, which had not otherwise merited such a calamity, than by joining other states of Germany in their common defence. It was said to have been the suggestion of Louvois, his minister, and the order received by the generals was signed by him; but it was virtually the order and act of the king. It was forwarded to the army in the middle

of winter, to reduce that populous country to ashes: the officers shuddered at the thought, and yet considered themselves bound to obey. They communicated to the people their orders, and signified to them that, to save their lives they must instantly, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, leave their castles and cottages, and retire from the country, which was to be immediately converted into a desert. It melted the hearts even of men accustomed to bloodshed, to see men and women, of every rank and age—decrepit old men and tender infants, hastening to the fields, or to the adjacent districts, while they beheld their houses behind them, their towns and villages, their furniture, their stores, and all their property in flames. The barbarous soldiers, influenced by the desire of plunder, violated the very sepulchres of the dead, where they hoped to find treasures. Hitherto the ambition of Louis had been condemned; but now all Europe execrated this unnecessary and monstrous cruelty.

The states of Germany declared France their common enemy, and united with the emperor in their defence; a bloody and protracted war followed; and continued until the peace of Ryswick, in 1697.

James II. died in France A.D. 1702, and on his death-bed entreated Louis to show the same kindness to his son and family, as he had done to him. The Prince of Wales was immediately proclaimed King

of England, under the title of James III., and Louis greeted and acknowledged him as such.

A declaration of war, on the part of England against France, was the consequence; and, although William III. did not live to take any share in the proceedings that followed, his successor, Queen Anne, entered so completely into his views, that hostilities were almost immediately commenced. The command of the British armies was intrusted to the Duke of Marlborough—whose name is so intimately blended with the glory of his country—and on the 13th of August, 1704, the first great battle between the rival nations was fought at Hochsted, or Blenheim, the French force being commanded by the Mareschal Tallard. A signal victory was gained by the English general; Tallard and 13,000 men were taken prisoners, and 12,000 were slain on the field, or drowned in the Danube. Next day, when Marlborough visited Tallard, the latter assured him that "he had defeated the best troops in the world." "I hope," "replied Marlborough, "you will except those by whom they were beaten."

For nearly nine years the war continued; but at length the peace of Utrecht restored tranquillity to Europe—the treaty being signed between England, Portugal, Savoy, Brandenburgh, the States General, and France, on the 11th of April, 1713.

While the negotiations were pending, a series of domestic calamities afflicted the unhappy Louis, now

at a very advanced period of life. The dauphin and dauphiness (the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy), the Duke of Brittany, and the Duke of Berry, all died within a short time of each other; and it was suspected that poison had been administered to them by the Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king: but when the prince threw himself at his uncle's feet, declared his innocence, and demanded a public trial, Louis assured him, that the very rumour of guilt, in one so near him, had heightened his sorrow; and expressed his persuasion of his innocence, only recommending him to reform his generally unprincipled conduct, which had doubtless given rise to the suspicions against him. The death of the dauphin was, not only to the king but to the country, an irreparable loss. Under the education of the good and gifted Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, he had imbibed such principles, as had formed him to become one of the best, the wisest, and most upright monarchs that ever guided the helm of a state, or governed the destinies of a kingdom. This amiable and excellent prince died on the 18th of February, at thirty years of age; his wife having just fallen a victim to the same malignant disorder—which appears to have been a putrid fever—for no symptoms of poison were visible to the surgeons by whom the bodies were inspected.

On the 17th of February, 1715, the Persian ambassador made his public entry into Paris. His appear-

ance and retinue were far from magnificent or splendid.

A brancard, or species of litter, supported by mules belonging to Louis, carried three boxes of presents from the King of Persia. He was introduced on the 19th, when the French monarch, notwithstanding his age and infirmities, appeared to great advantage. He was dressed in a black suit, ornamented with gold, and embroidered with diamonds: it had cost twelve millions five hundred thousand livres. When he appeared at the balcony, the people were delighted to see him look so well, and rent the air with their acclamations of *Vive le Roi!* The streets and the courtyard were crowded, and the hall filled with ladies and persons of quality. The old king ascended the throne with dignity. Every thing was brilliant and impressive. The ambassador was charmed with the splendour and elegance with which he was received; but his presents and appearance formed a striking contrast: they were neither worthy of Persia to give nor of France to receive. His stay was long, and very expensive; as he was allowed five hundred livres a-day by the French government.

On this occasion, Louis was seen in public for the last time. His age was great, and his health declining. Shortly before his death, he called his ministers and courtiers around him, and addressed them to this effect:—"Gentlemen, I request forgiveness for the bad example which I have so often set you; and I thank

you for the affection and fidelity with which you have always served me. I wish I could have rewarded you more suitably. I entreat you to be equally faithful and affectionate in the service of my grandson. I feel my heart softened, and I see you in tears. Farewell. Remember me!"

Louis the Fourteenth died on the 1st of September, 1715, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, and the seventy-third of his reign.

His last moments were certainly embittered by the recollection of the many evil deeds of which he had been guilty. He exhorted the infant dauphin, his successor, to guard against the unnecessary shedding of blood; and when his confessor inquired if he suffered much, he replied, "No!" but added that he ought to have more to endure for the expiation of his sins.

Throughout his long life he spent more of his time with the ladies of the court than with his teachers or ministers; and oftener read plays and books of amusement, than history or politics. Voltaire has justly observed, that he made greater progress in the cultivation of his personal appearance and manners, in riding, dancing, and talking gracefully, than in the study of the sciences, or other branches of useful learning.

The success with which he acquired the Italian language, while he was attached to Mademoiselle Manciné (an Italian); and the facility with which he

learned the Spanish tongue, in the prospect of marrying the Infanta—showed what he might have done in literature generally, had he possessed an ardent desire of knowledge, and been placed in circumstances more favourable for its acquisition. The defects of his mind were in the eyes of the world, in some measure atoned for by his personal qualities and gracefulness of conduct.

He was handsome, had a fine countenance, a dignified and majestic expression and manner, and the tones of his voice were affecting and authoritative; his movements were pleasing, for they became his dignity, but would have appeared affected and ridiculous in one of an inferior rank. Conscious of his own superiority, he was flattered by observing its effect on persons of eminence when in his presence. A venerable officer who once faltered before him in asking a favour, and who could not finish the sentence, but said, "Your Majesty will condescend to believe me, that I would not have trembled thus before your enemies," most readily obtained a favourable answer to his request.

Among the many distinguished characters who flourished during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, may be enumerated the following:—Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fenelon, Massillon, Mezerai, Rochefoucauld, Pascal, Mallebranche, Racine, Moliere, M. and Madame Dacier, Descartes, La Fontaine, Montesquieu, Rollin, Scarron, Boileau, and Madame de

Sevigné. A few anecdotes of some of these cannot fail to interest the reader.

Dacier, at an early age, became attached to Mademoiselle de Ferre, afterwards the celebrated and accomplished Madame Dacier. Amongst other productions, they undertook jointly a translation of Plutarch's lives, and were much amused by the various observations made upon their production by the public and private critics of the day; some of whom declared they could trace the style of Madame in one particular life; others protesting that such and such passages were indications of Monsieur's peculiar manner; while the fact was, that their styles had so perfectly amalgamated by habit, that no distinction was perceptible. Madame Dacier, however, soon relinquished to her husband the fame arising from this work, and shone forth as the translator of Homer. A good deal of controversy was occasioned by this undertaking, and sometimes Madame Dacier was betrayed into a style of invective by no means feminine. It was, however, far from characteristic of her disposition. Being once pressed by a foreigner of distinction to inscribe her name in an album that was graced by the signatures of many celebrated persons, she answered she was not worthy to appear in such company. The gentleman, however would take no denial: overcome by his importunities, she wrote her name, and this line from Sophocles, in English—"*Silence is woman's ornament.*"—The harmony and

happiness by which the lives of these celebrated persons were distinguished is even a more delightful recollection than that afforded by the knowledge of their splendid acquirements; the fame and attention that awaited them abroad, never for a moment rendered them insensible to their domestic duties; and they educated their children themselves with care and attention. They were deprived of their eldest son, just as he had attained his eleventh year: even at that early age, he had acquired a knowledge of the best Greek authors, and other information equally extaordinary at his tender years. The eldest daughter entered a nunnery; and their youngest had not completed her eighteenth year, when she also was taken from her parents, who suffered most bitterly from this second bereavement. The translations of Monsieur Dacier gained him a seat in the French Academy, to which was soon added his election into that of the Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. He survived the death of his beloved partner but two years.

"One day," says Ménage, "on meeting Madame de Sevigné, I took her hand between mine; and upon her withdrawing it, M. Pelletier, standing by, said, 'Ménage, that is the most beautiful work that ever came from you, with all your ability.'"

"It raises my spleen," said Madame de Sevigné, "to hear an aged person say I am too old to mend; this would sound even better from a young one. Youth is so lovely, and the body is then so perfect,

that were the mind equally so, the passions which such an assemblage must excite would be too vehement; but when the graces of youth begin to wither, then surely it is high time to labour after moral and intellectual qualities, and endeavour to compensate for the loss of beauty by the acquirement of merit."

An amusing story is told of Moliere. He was in the habit of reading his plays to an old servant; and once endeavoured to puzzle her by reciting one written by another person, pretending it was his own: in a few minutes, however, she roundly told her master, "She was not to be tricked in that way, for she was sure the play was none of his."

Moliere commenced a translation of Lucretius, but, unfortunately, his servant took some of the sheets for curling-papers, which threw him into such a passion that he destroyed the remainder.

Rapin admired Moliere excessively; so much so, that the king asking him one day, "Who was the chief of all the excellent writers of which France could boast in his reign?" he answered, "Moliere." "I did not think so," replied the king; "but you understand these matters better than I."

Upon the first acting of the *Gentleman Cit*, Louis, who, as usual, was present at the representation, not having passed any opinion upon it, his courtiers, one and all, talked of it with the utmost contempt; and it was every where decried with such acrimony, that poor Moliere was ashamed to show his face. About

a week after, however, the play was again performed. The king sent for the author, and said to him, "If I was silent on the first performance of your piece, it was because I feared it might deceive me; but indeed, Moliere, you have never better diverted me—the play is admirable!" After this, the courtiers talked as if they could never sufficiently praise what they had been condemning all the week!

LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH

The great-grandson of Louis the Fourteenth, at the age of five years was called to the throne of France, on the 1st of September, 1715—the Duke of Orleans, having been appointed by the will of the late king, President of the Council of Regency. The duke was one of the most unprincipled men of the age, and the suspicions that existed against him relative to the death of the dauphin and dauphiness, afford sufficient evidence of the estimation in which his character was held by the people and the court. Yet he had no sooner entered upon office, than he obtained power enough to do away with all the restrictions by which the appointment was accompanied, and to set aside the testament itself. "I consent to be restrained from evil," said he, in addressing the parliament; "but in doing good I desire to be independent and free."

For a time, his administration of affairs was modest and promising; the mornings of the day he devoted to business, and the evenings to pleasure. But

when the necessary labours had terminated, he rushed with eagerness to the parties that joined him in the dissipation and debaucheries of the night. The manners of the court underwent a total change; the rigid attention to religious forms and superstitious rites, the hypocrisy and outward moral decorum, which characterized the court of Louis the Fourteenth in the latter part of his reign, gave way to a contempt of religion, licentiousness, and undisguised vice. Some degree of irregularity, were it only profane swearing, was reckoned a necessary recommendation to royal favour. When the evening parties of the regent were assembled, the doors were closely shut; no intrusion whatsoever was permitted, however urgent the occasion; and drinking and dissoluteness were carried to excess, until an early hour of the morning. Yet, it is wonderful, that the Duke of Orleans never neglected the business and duties of the day, but, however indisposed and incapable he might be for serious deliberation, he sat in the councils, and went through the ordinary routine of public affairs.

Such a man was, indeed, unfit to be intrusted with a charge so important as that of the political and moral education of an infant king. The Duchess de Ventadour, however, had been appointed governess to the young prince; a duty for which she was in every respect, well qualified, and which she discharged with a good conscience, and to the satisfaction of all parties.

In the year 1723, Louis became of regal age; assumed the reins of government, nominally, into his own hands; and appointed the Duke of Orleans his prime minister; who, however, lived but a few months after the change. His successor to the high office was the Duke of Bourbon, the chief of the house of Condé; one of the first acts of whose administration was, the issue of an edict against the Huguenots, prohibiting them, under the severest penalties, from enjoying the public exercise of their religion, enjoining them to educate their children as Catholics, and branding with infamy the memory of those who had died without the pale of the Catholic faith. But Fleury, the king's preceptor, who had gradually insinuated himself into the favour and confidence of his royal pupil, undermined the influence and authority of the Duke of Bourbon, and was in the end made prime minister in his room, at the age of seventy-three. Under his wise and equitable administration, the kingdom of France recovered its prosperity and strength; domestic and foreign credit was re-established; commerce and manufactures revived, and agriculture flourished throughout the country.

In 1723, Louis had married the daughter of Stanislaus, king of Poland, and about six years afterwards she gave birth to a son, an event which caused the most lively joy to the whole court and kingdom. The queen was beautiful, amiable, and accomplished; and the king continued many years a chaste and af-

fectionate husband; but an unhappy difference at last took place, which alienated him from the prudent and devout daughter of Stanislaus. He then attached himself to Madame de Mailly; and became addicted to wine and private gossiping, unworthy, not merely of a monarch, but of a man. In the year 1743, he sustained a severe loss in the death of Cardinal Fleury, who had pursued a wise and prosperous course of policy in the conduct of public affairs during a period of seventeen years. The great error in the life of this able minister and excellent man was, that he became the head of a party against, and a zealous persecutor of, the Jansenists, a sect which was very numerous and possessed of considerable power in France. They were favoured, as many of them believed, with the direct interposition and testimony of Heaven, by the miracles which were supposed to have been wrought in their behalf in the burying-ground of St. Medard, at the tomb of a sainted abbot. Even there, however, the influence of the cardinal prevailed; for by an order from the king, the miraculous place of sepulture was closed, and the performance of wonders consequently stayed. On the next morning the following blasphemous inscription was found posted on the gate of the burial-ground:—"By the king's authority, the Almighty is forbidden to work any more miracles here."

Upon the death of his prime minister, Louis, like many of his predecessors, resolved and declared that

he would himself govern his kingdom. At this time, Europe was in a very inflammable state; France and England were at war, and the French commander, the Duke de Noailles, was preparing to meet the English forces in the neighbourhood of the Mayne. The memorable battle of Dettingen was fought on the 26th of June, 1743.

On the 5th of January, 1757, as Louis was stepping into his coach, about six o'clock in the evening, on his way to sup and sleep at Trianon, he was struck on the right side between the ribs. He immediately recognized the regicide, and said, "There is the man: seize him, but do him no harm." The king was put to bed, and became apprehensive of death; but the next day, the surgeon found, on dressing the wound, that it was neither deep, nor attended with danger. The body guards, who first apprehended Damiens, supposing that he must be the agent of some club of conspirators, employed torture to make him confess who had incited him to perpetrate the deed. He was afterwards taken out of their hands, and examined in a more regular and solemn manner, for the space of two hours, in a way the most exquisitely painful; but it appeared that he had no accomplices, and had been moved by his own imagination to relieve the people from all their troubles, as he supposed by assassinating, or at least terrifying, their oppressor.

The punishment inflicted on him at last was of the most dreadful kind. His right hand was consumed;

he was torn with pincers; melted lead was poured into his wounds; then he was drawn and quartered, and finally burnt, and his ashes scattered to the winds. His father, wife, and daughter, were banished from the kingdom.

In 1765, France sustained a severe loss by the death of the dauphin; whose eldest son had died about twelve months previously. This most interesting and promising youth had received a contusion by a fall at play with a boy of his own age; and generously, but thoughtlessly, concealed that he had been hurt, until a tumour appeared, and an operation became necessary. He then disclosed the cause, but never revealed the name of him by whom he had been unintentionally injured. He languished in great suffering for above a year, at the end of which time he expired.

Immediately on the death of the dauphin, his son, the Duke de Berri—(afterwards Louis the Sixteenth) was declared to inherit that distinction. He was born at Versailles on the 23d of August, 1744, and was married, in 1770, to the archduchess, Maria Antoinette, a daughter of the house of Austria. The nuptials were celebrated with great splendour; but with a lavish and prodigal expenditure, considering the exhausted state of the public finances. Thirty thousand horses are said to have been employed in Maria Antoinette's journey, and sixty new carriages formed a part of the train which was to conduct her from

Strasburg to Paris. The dresses and entertainments on the road were proportionably sumptuous and costly. At an entertainment given by the king, he shamelessly introduced his mistress to the dauphiness, who was ignorant of her real condition and character; but pleased with the handsome appearance, and modest and elegant manners, which the favourite knew so well how to assume. During the entertainments that took place, a fatal accident occurred; which, when recollected in after times, was held to have been ominous. An immense crowd, supposed to have exceeded 600,000, assembled to witness the exhibition of fire-works, in the vast square around the statute of the king, and were proceeding through a wide street, when some obstruction stayed them. The multitude behind pressed against those before, and overwhelmed and trampled on them: one hundred and thirty persons perished on the spot. Many more were so bruised that they died shortly afterwards; and, altogether, about 1200 are said to have lost their lives. The dauphin and dauphiness were deeply distressed by this event, of which they were the innocent cause, and did all in their power to alleviate the affliction of the sufferers.

The death of the king took place on the 10th of May, 1774, in consequence of an attack of the small-pox, the virulence of which his debilitated constitution was unable to withstand. Louis was almost sixty years of age when he died; and although he

had governed France nearly the whole of his life, yet his reputation is one of which his country has no reason to be proud. He was despised, if not detested, by his subjects; his attachment to unprincipled and profligate women stifled all that might have been naturally good in his disposition; and he left scarcely a single human being to mourn over him.

A train had certainly been laid during the mal-administration of this weak and enervated monarch, which was rapidly spreading, and threatening to destroy the great principle that binds alike the sovereign to the subject, and the subject to the sovereign. The minds of the people were gradually influenced by the writings and reasonings of men of richly-endowed intellects, but without virtue or religion. Glowing pictures were exhibited of the evils arising from civil and religious restraint, which was denominated bondage; and of the inestimable blessings of moral and political *liberty*—a word that has been so frequently used to stimulate men to the commission of deeds at which human nature shudders. At the head of those who pushed on the people to discontent, which led to rebellion, and then to atrocities incredible, but that the living witnesses of them are still among us, were Voltaire and Rousseau. The genius of the former, his extensive erudition, his eloquence, and his wit, all contributed to forward the grand object, for the accomplishment of which he spoke and wrote; and unhappily, the progress of infidelity found at that time

a powerful auxiliary in the abandoned debauchery of the court, and the props of tyranny were impaired by the very efforts employed to render them more fixed and durable.

The talents of Rousseau, though very different from those of Voltaire, were of a pernicious nature, and perhaps contributed even more than his to the general depravity that ensued. He seduced and corrupted, while his literary rival reasoned and convinced. His object was to sap the very foundations of the building, which the other, less insidious, dared to storm and destroy. They succeeded to the utmost extent that malevolence could desire; and Diderot, D'Alembert, and others, who have rendered their names at once famous and infamous, devoted themselves to the dissemination of atheistical principles, and taught men to believe that they should obey no will but their own passions, and submit to no control but their own naturally base or shamefully perverted appetites.

It is not therefore matter of astonishment, that within a short period after the poison had been administered, the whole body became corrupt. The French Revolution will be remembered while the world endures, to show how completely men may become fiends, and how far reality may exceed all that the imagination can portray of the horrible and the unnatural.

LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH,

Grandson of Louis the Fifteenth, inherited the crown of France on the 10th of May, 1774. On receiving the unwelcome intelligence that he was a king, he is said to have exclaimed, almost prophetically—"Oh! God! what a misfortune for me!"

This kind and benevolent monarch commenced his reign with a firm determination to be not nominally, but in reality, "the father of his people." He immediately abolished the *corvée*, or compulsatory reparation of the highway, a service for which the labourers received no pay; removed the barriers between the different provinces, repealed all the internal taxes on the transit of commodities from one province to another, and issued a decree for the free commerce of grain throughout his dominions. Many of the disabilities under which the Protestants had so long laboured were repealed; the expenses of the royal household were considerably diminished; several sinecure places gradually ceased to be public burdens; and provincial assemblies were instituted, composed of members freely elected from among the nobility, the clergy, and the commons, whose duty it was to communicate to the crown the sentiments and grievances (if any existed) of the people in their respective provinces; to point out such taxes as might be vexatious, and to remedy all abuses in collecting them. Such a course of policy was calculated to restore public credit and confidence, rather than to

destroy both; but, in an evil hour for himself and his country, Louis yielded a reluctant consent to the measure for supporting the American colonies, in their contest with the mother-country; and thus became the chief accelerating cause of subsequent calamities, by increasing the derangement of the national finances, and by spreading the spirit of republicanism among his army, and, through it, over all France.

We pass over the period of the French Revolution, which furnishes but few of the Beauties of French History, in order to arrive at the brilliant period when Napoleon elevated the martial character of the French people to a point it had never reached before. Our limits will permit us to give only a few detached andotes illustrative of his brilliant career.

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.

The Battle of Lodi.

THE bridge of Lodi gives name to an action that took place there between the French and the Austrians, in 1797, and which decided the fate of the Italian campaign.

It was an object with Bonaparte, to force the bridge of Lodi, which crosses the Adda at a place where the river is about two hundred yards broad, and the breadth of the bridge is about ten. A battery of cannon commanded the whole length of it by a raking

fire, while other batteries, above and below, threatened destruction to any force that should attempt to cross.

Without losing a moment, though it was late in the evening when he arrived at Lodi, Napoleon ordered the passage to be attempted; and a column of the French, headed by their principal general officers, persevering under a deadly fire, this most singular instance of military enthusiasm and daring was crowned with complete success.

Napoleon's presence of mind at the Bridge of Lodi.

At this memorable passage, it was not less the celerity and promptitude of movement, than invincible heroism, that carried the day. The fire of the enemy, who defended the passage with thirty pieces of cannon, was terrible; the head of the charging column of the French appeared to give way; "a moment of hesitation," says Bonaparte, in his official despatch on the occasion, "would have lost all. Generals Berthier, Massena, Cervoni, D'Allemagne, the chief of brigade, Lannes, and the chief of battalion, Dupat, dashed forwards at its head, and determined the fate of the day, still wavering in the balance." Bonaparte does not include his own name in the list of this heroic band, though well known to have been one of the foremost in the charge; the modesty which dictated this concealment, even his revilers must ad-

mire. "This redoubtable column," he continues, "overturned all opposed to it; Beaulieu's order of battle was broken; astonishment, flight, and death, were spread on all sides. In the twinkling of an eye, the enemy's army was scattered in confusion."

"Although," he continues, "since the commencement of the campaign we have had some very warm affairs, and although the army has often been under the necessity of acting with great audacity, nothing has occurred which can be compared to the terrible passage of the Bridge of Lodi.

"Our loss has been small: and this we owe to the promptitude of the execution, and to the sudden effect which the charge of this intrepid column produced on the enemy."

The Bridge of Arcola.

The passage of the bridge of Arcola may be esteemed the height of boldness. Thousands of men and musketry served to defend the approach to this particular spot, which was completely fenced by cannon in every direction; thrice had General Bonaparte commanded the charge in person, and thrice had his followers, disdaining to retreat, fallen sacrifices to their temerity; the death-dealing bullets continued their destructive career, levelling all those who dared to encounter their vengeful flight. Napoleon, at length growing indignant, gave utterance to an exclamation

of fury, and instantly tearing one of the standards from the grasp of an ensign, sprang upon this bridge, the scene of carnage and slaughter; when, planting the flag in defiance of destiny itself, which seemed to oppose him, he thus addressed his soldiers—

"Frenchmen! Grenadiers! will you, then, abandon your colours!"

This appeal seemed to convey a reproach ill adapted to the spirit of such courageous men; wherefore, before the General was enabled repeat them, all thought of danger had vanished, death was faced in every direction, the bridge of Arcola was forced, and victory once more crowned the republican standard.

The Pioneer.

In delivering his orders, the General, with that presence of mind which is uniformly the precursor of victory, presented himself in person at every point where danger appeared to threaten the most, and thus exposed himself like the common soldier.

Upon one of these occasions a pioneer, perceiving the imminent risk Napoleon ran, thus addressed him in the unsophisticated language of a camp—"Stand aside!"—General Bonaparte, fixing his eyes upon him, hesitated, when the veteran, rudely pushing him, addressed Napoleon in these words, which were expressive of the greatest compliment that could possibly be paid to his talents as a military commander:

"If thou art killed, who is to rescue us from this jeopardy?"

Bonaparte instantly appreciated the sterling value of this exclamation, and consequently remained silent; but, after the termination of the conflict, which proved favourable to the republican flag, he ordered this independant pioneer to be brought into his presence, when, familiarly tapping him upon the shoulder, he thus addressed him:

"Thy noble boldness claims my esteem; thy bravery demands a recompense; from this hour, instead of the hatchet, an epaulette shall grace thy shoulder."

He was, of course, immediately raised to the rank of an officer.

Milan.

On the evening of the day previous to the taking of the city of Milan, General Bonaparte, being then commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, was engaged to dine at the mansion of a lady of consequence. This personage, considering the distinguished rank, and above all, the illustrious name of her guest, conducted the honours of her table with the greatest attention and politeness. Napoleon, however, being fully occupied with the momentous events that were to characterize the succeeding day, replied with coldness and brevity to the repeated marks of deference

which the hostess pointedly expressed towards him; who, at length, in order to give animation to the company, requested to know Bonaparte's age, adding by way of palliation of the apparent rudeness of the inquiry.

"That he appeared by far too young to have already gained so many laurels!"

"Truly, madam," answered the General with a smile, "I am not indeed very old at the present moment; but in less than twenty-four hours I shall count much more, for to-day I have to number twenty-five years, whereas to-morrow I shall have attained Milan" (mille-ans), a thousand years.

The Sleeping Sentinel.

The army of Italy, under General Bonaparte, having been engaged against the Austrians during a whole day, at length terminated the battle, by gaining a complete victory, at the very moment when the declining sun threw a parting gleam upon the western horizon. During the period of this conflict, and the two foregoing days, the troops had not tasted repose, and the complete flight of the enemy, at this particular juncture, was therefore the more fortunate, as the French were thus enabled to enjoy that repose during the night, of which they most gladly took the advantage.

Notwithstanding this harrassed state of the army, it

was necessary to establish outposts; when a grenadier, stationed upon this service, which precluded the idea of rest, being quite exhausted with fatigue, fell fast asleep at his post.

Napoleon, who offered up his own repose as a sacrifice to the more imperious calls of promptitude and glory, proceeded, alone, to visit the outskirts of the camp, and in this survey arrived at the spot where lay extended the sleeping sentinel, who could hardly be deemed guilty of a breach of duty, but the unwilling victim of extreme fatigue, that totally overpowered him.

Bonaparte, unmindful of his dignity, and actuated only by noble motives, took up the soldier's musket, which lay beside him; when, placing it upon his own shoulder, he continued to mount guard for nearly an hour, in order to insure the safety of the camp. The grenadier at length awoke, and sought for his piece in vain, but, by the light of the moon, perceived the general, who had thus paid respect to his repose.

"Oh! I am undone!" vociferated the soldier, recognising Napoleon, whose lineaments were graven upon the heart of every soldier.

"No, my friend," replied the general, with extreme affability, at the same time surrendering up his musket, "the battle was obstinate and long enough contested to excuse your having thus yielded to the impulse of fatigue; one moment of inattention, however, might endanger the safety of the camp; I was

awake, and have only to advise, that you would be more upon your guard for the future!"

Le Petit Caporal.

A singular custom was established in the army of Italy, in consequence of the youth of the commander, or from some other cause. After each battle, the oldest soldiers used to hold a council, and confer a new rank on their young general, who, when he made his appearance in the camp, was received by the veterans, and saluted with his new title. They made him a corporal at Lodi, and a serjeant at Castiglione; and hence the surname of "Petit Caporal," which was for a long time applied to Napoleon by the soldiers. How subtle is the chain which unites the most trivial circumstances to the most important events! Perhaps this very nickname contributed to his miraculous success on his return in 1815. While he was haranguing the first battalion, which he found it necessary to address, a voice from the ranks exclaimed, "Vive notre petit Caporal! we will never fight against him!"

The Restorer of the City of Lyons.

On Bonaparte's return from the second campaign of Italy, he passed through Lyons, on the ninth Messidor, the eighth year of the republic. It was his

wish to continue incognito, in order to escape the honours and the fêtes intended for him; but all his precautions were of no avail; the report of his being in the city spread itself in all directions, and the populace in crowds appeared in the streets, on the quays, in the promenades, and mounted on the house-tops, crying: "It is Bonaparte! Long live Bonaparte!" these applauses being prolonged until night, with which were mingled the incessant discharges of artillery.

During the nights of the ninth and tenth, a bronze medal was struck in haste and presented to the conqueror of Italy; and on the morning of the last mentioned day, he repaired to the Square of Bellecour, amidst an escort of upwards of fifty thousand Lyonese. Upon this occasion he laid the first stone, and thus commenced the rebuilding of the city, which had been almost entirely demolished, by order of the comedian, Collot D'Herbois. Previous to the depositing of the stone, he took it in his hand, smiling, and assured the inhabitants of Lyons, that this Square should very soon recover all its former splendour, and that the manufactories of Lyons, which were then reduced to four thousand workmen, should speedily be augmented to twenty-five thousand; after which he deposited the medal, which was enclosed in a leaden case, beneath the foundation of the new structure; the bronze in question bearing this inscription:

To Buonaparte
The Restorer of Lyons;
Verninac Prefect.
In the name of the greatful Lyonese.

On the other side appeared, encircled by a coronet of oak,

Twice Victor at Marengo,
Conqueror of Italy.
He deposited this Stone
The 10th Messidor, An. VIII.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, Napoleon repaired to the hotel of the Prefect, where a sumptuous breakfast was prepared. He proved as amiable at table, as he was terrible in the field; and it was justly said of this repast: "That here was Alexander feasting with his friends, on the day when he founded Alexandria."

The Battle of Marengo.

This conflict was undoubtedly that in which Bonaparte displayed the most brilliant proofs of military capacity; for on that momentous day, he manifested the consummate tactics of a great commander; neither was there any deficiency of those traits of heroism which history always loves to record, and which must descend to the remotest posterity. It was during this battle, which might be justly termed the modern Pharsalia, that Napoleon preserved, amidst

the tumultuous din of arms, and an army almost completely routed, that coolness and certain dependance upon self, which were the fruit of long military experience, and the characteristic of the truly brave.

As soon as the divisions of Lemonier and Desaix had arrived, Bonaparte repaired to range them in order for battle; but, as the enemy's forces were greatly superior in number to those of the French, the latter began to give way, and retreat, which, being perceived by Napoleon, he gallopped to the front of the ranks, exclaiming:—"Frenchmen! remember my custom is to sleep upon the field of battle."

Berthier on arriving to acquaint him that his army began to be put to the rout, he made this answer: "You do not announce that, general, in cold blood!"

During the hottest period of the action, news was brought to Bonaparte that Desaix was killed, when he only uttered these words: "Why is it not permitted me to weep?" The deceased was among those generals whom he held in the highest estimation.

After the battle, Bonaparte happening to meet a great number of the wounded, made the following remark in tones of the deepest affliction: "We cannot but regret not being wounded like them, in order to participate in their sufferings."

Napoleon wounded in Italy and other places.

It has been said that Bonaparte has never been

wounded. This is not the fact, for Mr. O'Meara says:—

Napoleon showed me the marks of two wounds; one a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed, that when he was wounded, it was always kept a secret, in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the toe, and had been received at Echmühl. "At the siege of Acre," continued he, "a shell thrown by Sidney Smith, fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were close by, seized and closely embraced me, one in front, and one on the other side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me, against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes when I left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress. Many times in my life," continued he, "have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me when I was in the most iminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Colonel Meuron, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and

received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never, yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed 'Vive l'Empereur!'"

His Generosity to the Veteran General Wurmser.

For several days after the decisive actions, which left him without a shadow of hope of relief, Wurmser continued the defence of Mantua in a sullen yet honourable despair, natural to the feelings of a gallant veteran, who, to the last, hesitated between the desire to resist, and the sense that resistance was absolutely hopeless. At length he sent his aid-de-camp, Klenau, to the head-quarters of Serrurier, who commanded the blockade, to treat of a surrender. Klenau used the customary language on such occasions. He expatiated on the means which Mantua still possessed of holding out, but said, that, as Wurmser doubted whether the place could be relieved in time, he would regulate his conduct as to the immediate submission, or farther defence, according to the conditions of surrender to which the French general was willing to admit

him. A French officer of distinction was present, muffled in his cloak, and remaining apart from the two officers, but within hearing of what had passed. When their discussion was finished, this unknown person stepped forward, and, taking a pen, wrote down the conditions of surrender to which Wurmser was to be admitted—conditions more honourable and favourable by far than what his extremity could have exacted. "These," said the unknown officer to Klenau, "are the terms which Wurmser may accept at present, and which will be equally tendered to him at any period when he finds farther resistance impossible. We are aware he is too much a man of honour to give up the fortress and city, so long and honourably defended, while the means of resistance remained in his power. If he delay accepting the conditions for a week, or a month, or two months, they shall be equally his when he chooses to accept them. To-morrow I pass the Po, and march upon Rome." Klenau, perceiving that he spoke to the French commander-in-chief, frankly admitted that the garrison could not longer delay surrender, having scarce three day's provisions unconsumed. This trait of generosity towards a gallant but unfortunate enemy, was highly honourable to Napoleon. But the young victor paid a still more delicate and noble minded compliment, in declining to be personally present when the veteran Wurmser had the mortification to surrender his sword, with his garrison

of twenty-thousand men. Such self-denial did Napoleon as much credit nearly as his victory. His conduct towards Wurmser may be justly compared to that of the Black Prince to his royal prisoner, King John of France.

Mount St. Bernard.

The campaigns of Italy, under the Directory and Consulate, were well worth all the imperial battles fought in the days of France's splendid degradation. The pass of Mount St. Bernard stands unrivalled in modern military history. The cannons were dragged up the heights by sheer strength of arm, by efforts almost superhuman. Pecuniary motives for exertion, proffered by the general, were rejected by the army. The soldiers, one by one, climbed through the crevices of the ice-rock, and in five hours they reached the convent of St. Peter. The descent was yet more perilous. The infantry cut short the difficulty by sliding on their backs down the ice. "The first consul followed their example, and, in the sight of his army, slided down a height of two hundred feet!"

Bonaparte, before his departure for this campaign, traced a slight sketch of his intended operations at a private house. In this plan, Millissimo is marked, in the confidence of success, as being the first site of the defeat of the enemy. "I shall drive," he says, "the Austrians from the passage of the Tyrol;" and he

finishes the sketch with these words: "It is at the gates of Vienna, that I shall give you peace." Speaking afterwards of his treaty of Millissimo, he said, "this was the strongest sensation of my life."

His Employment of Time.

During the voyage to Egypt, Bonaparte was continually employed. His remarkable sayings to the pupils of a school which he had one day visited, "Young people, every hour of time lost, is a chance of misfortune for future life," may be considered as, in some measure, forming the rule of his own conduct. Perhaps no man ever better understood the value of time: his very leisure was business. If the activity of his mind found not wherewithal to exercise itself in reality, he supplied the defect, by giving free scope to his imagination, or in listening to the conversation of the learned men attached to the expedition; for he probably, was the only man in the fleet who never experienced ennui for a single moment.

His Proclamation before landing in Egypt.

"Soldiers!—You are about to undertake a conquest, the effects of which, upon the civilization and commerce of the world, are incalculable. You will strike a blow, the surest and most vital which England can receive, until you give her her death-stroke.

We shall have to make some fatiguing marches; to engage in a few combats; but success will crown our exertions. The destinies are favourable. The Mamelukes—retainers of England, tyrants of all the unfortunate country—soon after our landing shall have ceased to exist.

"The people with whom we are about to be connected are Mahometans. The first article of their faith is this:—'There is no other God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.' Do not gainsay them; live with them as you have done with the Jews—with the Italians; pay the same deference to their mufuis and their imaums, as you have paid to the rabbins and the bishops; show to the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran, and to the mosques, the same tolerance as you have shown to the convents and the synagogues—to the religion of Moses and of Jesus Christ. The Roman legions protect all religions. You will find here usages different from those of Europe: it is proper that you habituate yourselves to them.

"The inhabitants treat their women differently from us; but, in every country, he who violates is a monster. Pillage enriches only a few; it dishonours us, destroys our resources, and renders enemies those whom our interest requires to be friends. The first city we approach was built by Alexander; every step will awaken sublime recollections, worthy of exciting the emulation of Frenchmen."

To this proclamation was appended an order of the day, consisting of twelve articles, prohibiting pillage, as also every species of violence, and containing directions for collecting imposts and contributions. The punishments denounced upon delinquents were —repairing the damages inflicted, two years in irons, and death. Here I may be permitted a reflection. Passages in this proclamation have been severely animadverted upon as contrary to the doctrines of Christianity. But how absurd, to have entered Egypt with the cross in one hand, and the sword in the other! Policy and common sense required us to respect the religion of the inhabitants. Both this and other proclamations produced an excellent effect.

Disembarkation of the French Troops in Egypt.

On the arrival of the French fleet on the Egyptian coasts, Napoleon wished the troops to be landed immediately; but admiral Bruyés would not consent, being afraid of the sea, then agitated by a strong west wind; but the general felt the value of the moments which passed. He saw the expedition exposed on the coast, and Alexandria in arms, preparing for a defence, and he wished positively to land in spite o the violence of the waves.

The fleet accordingly anchored; and during the evening and part of the night, the disembarkation

took place, a few leagues from Alexandria, near a place called the tower of Marabout.

When Napoleon wished to execute the disembarkation without loss of time, he said to admiral Bruyés, the moment he quitted the Orient: "We must exert ourselves to open the port of Alexandria for you, with the least possible delay; and if it be not in a condition to receive the fleet, we must place you in safety elsewhere. You have conducted us successfully; your task is over, but ours only commences." "What! rejoined the brave Bruyés, do you take us for common carriers, and our ships for baggage-wagons?"

Napoleon's Alarm on his arrival at Alexandria.

On the arrival of the French expedition in the port of Alexandria, the resident consul was immediately sent for. To the great astonishment of his countrymen, he informed them that the English fleet had made its appearance the preceding day before the port, had demanded information with respect to the French fleet, and had then continued its course towards Alexandretta. At that very moment the signal for vessels of war was made, and the order of battle was given; a firm belief being entertained that the English fleet was at hand.

Napoleon at this instant gave expression to the uneasiness which he felt. "Fortune," he exclaimed,

"why hast thou favoured us so long to abandon us now, when former success only adds to the poignancy of our misfortune? In a few moments Alexandria would have been ours, and the whole of the transports would have been safe!"

Happily for him the signals were false; the vessels turned out to be the French frigates, which had fallen behind, and not the English fleet.

Gaiety of the French Soldiery.

Nothing could exceed the gaiety of the French soldiery: if they saw a young conscript sad and dejected, he would soon be laughed and bantered out of his sadness. Denon relates, that when the French army, under Bonaparte, arrived off the coast of Egypt, and saw it stretching along the horizon, a perfect desert, —not a tree, nor a plant, nor any sign of a human habitation to be discovered as far as the eye could reach either way—far from being dispirited at this dreary prospect, one of the soldiers drew a comrade to the side of the vessel, and pointing to it, said, "Look ye! there are the six acres which have been decreed thee!" alluding to a promise of a grant of land to each soldier, on the expiration of his service in the army.

In one of Bonaparte's despatches, he thus emphatically expresses himself upon the subject: "They play and they laugh with death; they have now become completely accustomed to the enemy's cavalry,

which they hold in derision; nothing can equal their intrepidity, unless it be the gaiety testified during their forced and harassing marches; for they sing by turns in honour of their country and their mistresses. When arrived at the bivouac, you would think, at least, that they would repose. Such, however, is not the case; each tells his story, or forms his plan of operations for the morrow; and it is frequently ascertained that many of them have made a just calculation."

Turkish Humanity towards the French Army in Egypt.

When Bonaparte sailed with his army for Egypt, a number of the most eminent of the French literati accompanied him, in order to make research into the antiquities, manners, customs, and literature of that famous country. These labours they executed with the most astonishing assiduity, even amidst all the dangers of war. But the Institute had remained at Cairo only a month, when their house was pillaged, in a general insurrection of the inhabitants; firing was heard in different places, and many persons belonging to the Commission of Arts fell a sacrifice to the fury of the populace. After considerable slaughter, however, it was quelled the second day, by means of some heavy artillery. "Through the populace," says Denon, "the devotees, and some of the great people of Cairo showed themselves fanatical and cruel in

this revolt, the middle class (which is in all countries the most accessible to reason and virtue) was perfectly humane and generous to us, notwithstanding the wide difference of manners, religion, and language; —whilst from the galleries of the minarets murder was devoutly preached up—whilst the streets were filled with death and carnage, all those in whose houses any Frenchmen were lodged, were eager to save them by concealment, and to supply and anticipate all their wants. An elderly woman, in the quarter in which we lodged, gave us to understand, that, as our walls was but weak, if we were attacked, we only had to throw it down, and seek for shelter in her harem: a neighbour, without being asked, sent us provisions at the expense of his own store, when no food was to be purchased in the town, and every thing announced approaching famine; he even removed every thing from before our house which could render it conspicuous to the enemy, and went to smoke at our door, as if it were his own in order to deceive any who might attack us. Two young persons, who were pursued in the streets, were snatched up by some unknown people, and carried into a house, and whilst they were furiously struggling for deliver ance, expecting that they were destined for some horrible cruelty, the kind ravishers, not being able otherwise to convince them of the hospitable benevolence of their intentions delivered up to them their own children, as pledges of their sincerity.

"If the grave mussulman represses those tokens of sensibility, which other nations would take a pride in exhibiting, it is in order to preserve the dignified austerity of his character."

His Return from Egypt.

When the news of his arrival reached Marseilles, the event was celebrated with a general illumination, bonfires, and other demonstrations of joy.

But an impulse of a very different nature seized the minds of the magistracy of Toulon. It was known there that the plague had made considerable ravages among the army in Egypt; and when the news circulated that Bonaparte had landed at Fréjus, and proceeded immediately to Paris, without the vessel or any of the crew having been subjected to the usual quarantine, couriers were sent after him with orders not to stop on the road upon any consideration till they had overtaken him, and to bring him and his companions back, that they might be put into quarantine. But Bonaparte had got so much the start of them, and pursued his journey with so much alacrity, that he arrived at Paris long before them; and the memorable events which crowded upon each other from the moment of his arrival, soon turned the public attention from all other objects to fix it on them alone.

THE END.

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